THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 11, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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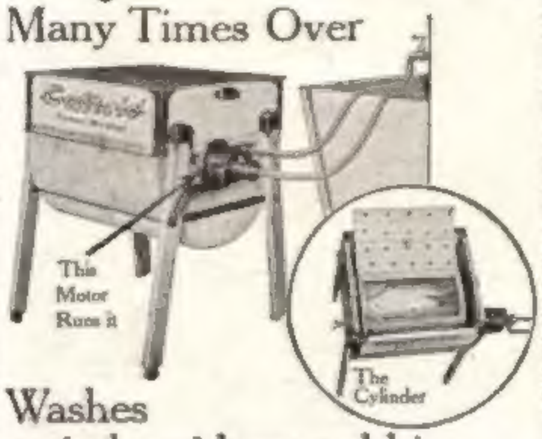

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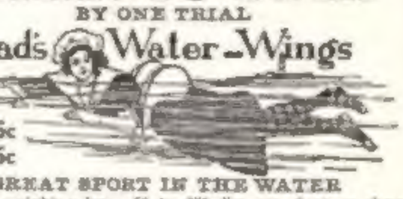

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The Goodyear Air Bottle

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Rise of the Guinea-Hen

Why Game-Birds Have Become Rare and Costly

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IN A CURRENT comedy-drama there is a scene between a Would-be and a Widow, who are about to dine at a certain fashionable café. The victim asks his companion what she prefers to eat, and she suggests a canvasback. Sudden pallor overcasts his countenance, nor does any relief come to him until in a swift sane moment the waiter advises him that there is not a canvasback left in the house. Lofty scorn now replacing abject fright, the Would-be orders something else.

Now, what did he order? This happened in Chicago, and there lay before him the menu of one of the better-class cafés, not one offering the very highest prices. Had this same menu been printed in New York, Boston or Washington, the prices would have been, perhaps, twenty-five per cent. higher. What the Would-be actually saw was about like this:

Restaurant Prices for Game

Prairie Chicken, Broiled, on Toast (½ $1.50)	$3.00	Mallard Duck, Roasted	3.00
Partridge, Broiled (½ $1.50)	3.00	" Duck, *Hieronymus*	4.00
" Roasted, English Bread Sauce (½ $1.75)	3.50	Butterball Duck	1.50
Broiled Quail with Bacon	1.00	Teal Duck, Broiled or Roasted	1.00
Roast Quail with Currant Jelly	1.00	Broiled Reedbirds *en Brochette* (4)	.75
Golden Plover, Jack Snipe	.60	Venison Steak	1.25
Woodcock	.90	" Chop	1.00
Canvasback Duck	4.00	Frizzled Venison à la Allen	1.50
		Redhead Duck	2.50

But what the Would-be really ordered was guinea-hen, at two dollars. He was lucky. Had he really been landed for a full-sized canvasback in one of the swell cafés of the effete East, he would have paid from five to ten dollars, according to the imagination of the manager. Had he wanted some brook trout to precede the bird he would have paid seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half a portion, and liver-fed at that. A simple terrapin on the river's brim would have cost him more than all the rest he had in his clothes, because a crate of real diamond-backs nowadays is worth at least seventy-five dollars. In these days it is much better for the intending host at a little supper to go into the matter with the manager well in advance.

To-day we eat near-game, and do not always know it. Any chef worth his salary knows that a celery-fed mallard cannot be detected in the dark from a real canvasback even by an epicure; and knows also that the average Would-be is not a close student of anatomy in wild game, and will not see that the mallard is more elongated in contour. Most terrapin served to statesmen and others is made of the plain, unvarnished Kankakee mud-turtle. Some salmon is made of stained carp. Redhead ducks are mostly made of bluebills, and teal are without much disguise made of mud-hens, which latter have much the same facial expression when cooked. Reedbirds are mostly made of English sparrows. Venison is difficult to counterfeit; although in certain big game dinners in Chicago beef has been served for buffalo, mutton for mountain sheep, Texas steer for elk, and plain goat of the suburbs (*Caper Harlemiiensis*) for antelope.

Suppose little Jacob really loved the girl. What could he do? Jacob now is much at the mercy of Esau, the scale having suddenly reversed. Jacob has to eat something "just as good." What is just as good as wild game—what has the actual flavor of the air and sky in it, as does, or, rather, did, the jack snipe or the doughbird or the brown woodcock from the covers, or the wild fowl from the long path upstairs in the air, or the nut-fed wild turkey, or the hopper-fed wild grouse, or the clover and berry-fed partridge with the bass drum concealed on his person? Nothing really is just as good as these; but Esau, in the shape of a head waiter, only grins. "Not to-night, Jakie," says he. "What you eat to-night is guinea-hen. You will like it, and you will not kick on the price, because in five years it will cost twice as much." Whereupon, exit Esau, rubbing his hands in his apron, and exulting for that at last he has evened up matters on that mess of pottage business.

Of a verity, Jacob must content himself with this vocally ejaculatory speckled fowl. Within five years the guinea-hen will have become a national institution. Five years from now the chef will bring it in himself on a silver plate, with two polka-dot feathers attached, as who should say, "This is not common crow." In those evil days epicures will content themselves with the reflection that after all the guinea-fowl, the game-cock and the pheasant are all descended from the ancient jungle-fowl of India, and are all *Phasianidæ*. These same guinea-hens will not seem so high-priced when one reflects that they are *Phasianidæ*.

Not long ago a couple of Eastern friends went out to Kansas for a prairie-chicken hunt, overlooking the incidental fact that there had not been any prairie chickens in their chosen locality for the past twenty-five years, and indeed not very many prairie chickens anywhere else in Kansas. They tramped two days without seeing a mottled feather, until at length, near a farmer's barnyard, their pedigreed dogs brought up in the middle of a covey of wildly screaming polka-dotted creatures, of which they managed to knock down a couple in the confusion. Exultant, they showed the farmer their specimens of prairie chicken. The farmer lost his wrath in his amusement, but presently gave them consent to go and kill all these spotted chickens they liked. He explained that these guinea-hens were a nuisance about the farm; that they ran practically wild; that they tore up the garden, woke up the family at unseemly hours even for a farm, laid eggs that were no earthly good, and were themselves not fit to eat. "Go after them, friends," said the farmer, "and enjoy yourselves. Kill 'em all."

That was a few years ago, and the sportsmen were ashamed to take home their guinea-hens. They would not need to feel ashamed to-day. In a few years more little Jacob will send around a brace of guineas as a peace offering to his fiancée's father, and hardy sportsmen, fresh back from the wilds of New Jersey or Long Island, will offer clubfellows game dinners of guineas killed with their own horny, sun-browned hands. Talk at such a table will naturally turn upon the wisdom and virtue of sportsmanship, and all those present may well exult in the fact that Americans will ever be a race of sportsmen, the more militant by reason of their general interest in the pursuit of the guinea-hen.

When Sport and War Run Together

IT SEEMS plain that the guinea is assured of a place in the history of wild sports of America. But why? Ought this question to have been taken up among the others having to do with waste of our natural resources, as discussed in the recent convention of governors at Washington? We may answer that by saying that no part of the world ever furnished a district equal in food-producing quality to that portion of the temperate zone including the United States. Gaze on the old picture and the new one, and draw your own inferences. The reason for the change lies in our public disregard of that ancient natural law—Greek, Roman, Gallic and Saxon—which recognized Esau in the chase first and last, and said that wild game belonged to him who reduced it to possession. It was left to modern Jacob to deny this fact, and to treat wild game as a matter of commerce. Jacob "reduces" it to possession by paying cash. Result, Jacob hungry, Esau elated, and the guinea-hen rampant.

It takes no very widely experienced man to admit the truth that no game tastes quite so good as that which one kills for one's self. Could this basic truth have been preserved, Merry Widows would have better times to-day at café tables. Some theorists say that sturdier men might pay the checks. England holds to the theory that sport and war run together. In her colonies she does what she cannot do at home, and so keeps alive her militant sporting soul, which, so far as England alone is

When Hired Esaus Shot for Jacob

concerned, is pretty much to the seed these days, outside of practice had on barnyard pheasants and other artificial game. It is almost unbelievable that the Jacobites have so soon brought America to a parity with little England.

It is not even a parity. We have not yet learned what England knows, that a hen must hatch before there can be chickens; that a dead hen means no chicks at all; that although it is easier to pot a hen sitting on her nest, a man doing so is not necessarily engaging in a rational and commendable act. England knows, what we do not know, that men who engage in that kind of thing wind up with the sad alternative of sucking their thumbs or else a guinea-bone.

The waste of natural resource is the great American specialty. In politics we view with alarm, and in questions of resource we hold conventions, and view with regret. A million or two additional inhabitants each year must eat something. Naturally this great supply of wild poultry, grand species of game-birds—whose superior does not exist anywhere in the world, and whose abundance was not equaled anywhere in the world—offered great attractions to Americans, never hampered by the thought of replacing or sparing. Paul did not plant our game-birds, nor did Apollos water. We could reap where we had not sown, and God Almighty might take care of the after results. So the guns went afield all over America—not alone the guns of Esau, but of those Esaus who worked for Jacob at a price, forgetting the law that wild game cannot long be held as matter of merchandise. Jacob, at home in the city, with now and then a Merry Widow to feed, insisted that he had a right to get game so long as he had the price. Very well, Jacob has had his way. To-day it is guinea-hen for his'n.

The Inheritance of the Pot Hunter

THERE was never so much actual waste of our wild game-birds as of our wild timber and wild minerals. Their disappearance is due not so much to mishandling as to the fundamental misconception in the whole matter of merchandising in game. Most of the game killed was not wasted, although in early and abundant days I have personally seen men go out and shoot down splendid prairie grouse and leave them in the grass ungathered. I have known of hundreds of wild ducks wasted in this worse than barbarous way. These, however, were only occasional instances. It was not the waste of our game-birds which cost their existence, and which made game a luxury on the table of any man to-day; on the other hand, it was their utilization as merchandise without regard to moderation, and without regard to renewal of the supply. The farmer boy who killed the prairie chicken for fun and did not pick it up footed a small total alongside of the professional market hunter who shipped hundreds of thousands of chickens from all over the West at a dollar and a half a dozen. It was Esau organized who shot himself out of Esaudom.

There is no special merit in condemning this state of affairs, because pretty much everything in North America is already well "roasted," to use a common phrase. None the less, we can with certainty refer to that time of license and call it the sure precursor of our time of want. No one planted. All destroyed. No one looked back to the ancient natural law, or remembered that wild game could not be marketed any more rationally or surely than Jacob could be expected to grow whiskers on his arms and play it blind on papa. We lost our game-birds in those flush times when hired Esaus shot for Jacob—prehistoric days, when mud-turtles were not terrapin, when no carp swam in a clear stream, and no English sparrow chirped where the wild sweet-williams grew.

I have known a market hunter who traveled in a private car; who made six to ten thousand dollars a year shooting ducks, and who cleaned up ten thousand dollars' worth of plumes in three weeks' time in one Mississippi swamp. I have known one order for various kinds of upland birds, footing over half a million head in all, to come from one Boston commission firm to a commission firm in Chicago, all this game to be used on the tables of trans-Atlantic steamers. That order was filled. It could not be filled now for a million dollars. In those days commission dealers in Chicago and St. Louis sent out to their staff of market hunters in Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, kegs of powder, sacks of shot, or fixed ammunition sometimes totaling more than ten thousand rounds per shipment. Killing game was a business. The market hunter made a study of it. He worked early and late, after the sportsman was too tired to work. It was market shooting, and nothing else, which destroyed the American game.

In those days South Water Street, the great commission market of Chicago and centre of the game supply of the world, was a variegated bird shambles, interesting or horrible, as you choose to call it. The commission dealers of that and other cities kept lobbies at the legislative halls, and kept them there until game became too scarce to market profitably. One after another great game districts were shot out. Thus, when Oklahoma was opened, trainloads of game, splendid game of all sorts, were dumped into St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago. In two years the commission men reported nothing coming from Oklahoma. The story was very swift and sure.

One by one the Western States awakened, in the good American fashion, too late, and rallied around the new slogan of "Stop the sale of game!" Even Texas, thought to be one of the most reckless States in the Union, but really one of the most thoughtful, prohibited the sale of game, prohibited its shipment across county lines, and cut down the daily limit to twenty-five birds per gun. This action in Texas was largely due to the avarice of a Galveston banker, who fenced out the public from one of the best canvasback marshes in the world. I have seen fifty thousand canvasback feeding in one body on a lake in that marsh. This banker, conceiving that those birds belonged to him and not to the people, went into canvasbacking as a business, and laid up money until Texas took her revenge. While that banker was making money you and I lost money. It was all part of the same system through which we have come pretty near losing America. For particulars you are referred to our conventions at Washington. We are becoming a somewhat polka-dotted republic.

Cutting Down the Chance to Slaughter

FROM a dollar a dozen, prairie chickens rose until many years ago they brought six and eight dollars a dozen; then twenty dollars a dozen, then twenty-four, now anything you like. The best prices, of course, were in the summertime before the law was out, and when all the gourmands of hotels and clubs wanted nice young birds. Rallying under their new war cry, the sportsmen twenty years ago began a ragged and somewhat dissenting fight, selfish in some sense perhaps, but finally somewhat effectual: a fight which to-day has wholly or in modified form prevented the sale of game or export for sale, or export for any purpose, in nearly all the States.

What game country is left on which to draw for merchandise in game? And what man cares to break the law each time he eats a game-bird?

Naturally, however, game laws were long, of all dead measures, nearest to dead-letter laws in this country. Each man made himself his own supreme court, and declared it "un-American" and "unconstitutional" to protect a sitting hen so long as anybody felt like taking a shot at her. For instance, Wisconsin passed the singular law which said that she would stop shooting ducks in the spring as soon as Illinois did. The latter commonwealth, which runs far down into Egypt, naturally stood pat. This made it a matter of conscientious duty for Wisconsin to shoot ducks for a term of years longer! Michigan never did know her own mind as to spring shooting. Minnesota for a number of years has presented one of the best game laws, and best enforced laws to be found in the Union.

In spite of the best sentiment in such matters, mallard ducks went right on up to ten, fifteen, eighteen dollars a dozen, other game following suit, until game passed from the table of the average man, and finally became a luxury which not even the rich can to-day obtain at will. This is a phenomenon not dependent on the swift rise in price of everything else in this country; although a law reading "Stop the rise in salaries" would no doubt meet a warm reception in some of our best circles. As to the future, there is no future. The waiter says, "I am sorry,

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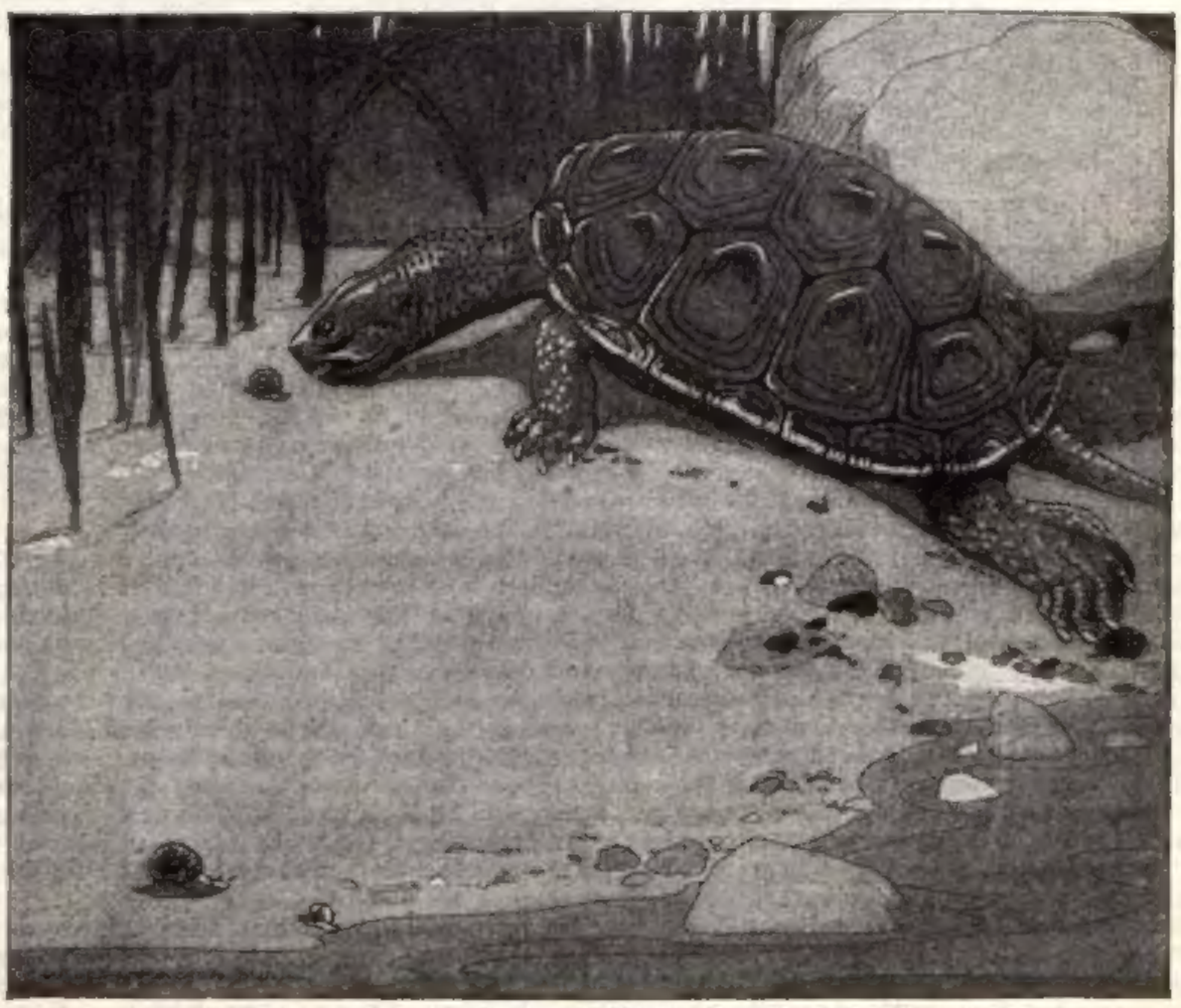

A Simple Terrapin on the River's Brim Would Have Cost Him More Than All the Rest He Had in His Clothes

THREE CHARIOTEERS

Another International Episode of the Ring

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

IN THEIR bordered tunics and brow-binding bandeaux the charioteers of the Jungling Brothers' Show probably looked more like Romans than the Romans did themselves. But their names, as their fellows of the horse tent knew them, were "Colorad'," who had first stretched leather on one of the mountain stages of his native State; "Jersey," who had begun by driving a bob-tailed car in Hoboken, but who was now the most consummately reckless "hippodromer" in the business; and old "English," who, until the previous September, had stabled a hansom somewhere near 'Olborn Viaduct. And now, during the four months since his "joining on," English had been the Jungling horse tent's inexhaustible puzzle and delight.

What eternally puzzled the horse tent was that an ex-London cabby of sixty should be driving a circus chariot—and that, indeed, so fiercely and unchangeably British an old "card" should ever have come to America at all. What inexhaustibly delighted the tent was old English's accent, his seasons of silent and impenetrable homesickness, and his recurrent, vain attempts to make friends among the horsemen by the methods of Oxford Circus and Piccadilly. "It'd seem," said the boss harness man, "like the tent's always got to have some guy to josh." Upon every possible ground old English called for "joshing." And Jersey and Colorad', as the humorists of the tent, were the supreme chief joshers.

On a rainy day when the tent was full Jersey would find a feed box on one side of him, and Colorad' a hay bale on the other, and they would begin to discuss with philosophical regret the manifest decline and fall of the British Empire. They spoke of the present marked inferiority of English cutlery, of English clothing, of English harness, and horses, and ships. But it was those larger questions of world politics which most acutely preoccupied the pair. They alluded to the universal desire of Canadians "to make a break and join the States;" to the well-known loathing of all things English in Australia; to the depths of sedition in British India. And at least once a week Colorad' felt compelled to submit to the tent the question whether "when England finished by tryin' to get protection from France or Germany by askin' to be let into the Union herself—whether it'd be advisable, so to speak, to let the blame' worn-out little Island *come* in?"

For his part Jersey was strongly of the opinion that it would not—"that to do so would constitoot for America one o' them fatal weaknesses, as you might say, and put her everlastin'ly on the bum."

The old man never let them get past that. And for the next half-hour there would be scenes in that horse tent which left it powerless from alternate spasms of ecstasy and terror. Colorad' would terminate his remarks halfway up one centre pole, with Jersey frantically straddling the crosstrees of the other. And English himself would end by bursting his way out under the dripping canvas to wander blindly and gaspingly about the "lot" till the next performance. . . .

This had now been going on since May.

And it continued to go on till the concluding day of a certain famous series of international yacht races, in which—as the tent had come in some way to know—English looked to see that Shamrock III win as undoubtingly as if her two predecessors had triumphed from the first leg. It might have been said that, for weeks, he had been living for that. . . .

On the day of the concluding race the Jungling Show was playing to a little "four-figure burg" in Illinois, its last "lot" before making Chicago. For two hours after the first performance English had been standing in an unbroken downpour before the bulletin board of the local Herald. But it was not till the "night show" was nearly over that the final and crushing bulletin came in.

Jersey delivered it himself as his car clanked after English's into the arena entrance. "It's fierce, y' know," he said. "There used to be a time when that country of yours was somethin' on the water, anyways!"

Old English gave a sort of little, palsy-like quiver.

Colorad's chariot trundled in on the other side. "The way *I* look at it," he remarked, "England's just naturally got the age disease all 'round."

The old man's lips opened and remained open gapingly.

That was all they said. That was all. But supposing they said what you had fairly begun to believe—and to believe because you had been made to feel the curse of age upon yourself? Supposing you had been one of the old things crowded out of London by French motor busses and Yankee "tubes"? Supposing when you had come three thousand miles in the hope of getting another hansom in New York, that there, too, you had been "too old" for it? Supposing after walking the streets for seventeen weeks, in the bitterness of your soul you had realized that you had been offered that circus chariot only as a kind of joke—and as soon as some one came along who was younger ——

"I carn't go no furder with it!" cried out the old man. The three chariots were through the entrance and had caught the starter's gong. Bringing down his whip English flung his horses crazily forward and took the inside.

II

"WHY, cripes, what's got the old card now?" murmured Colorad' with wonder; "and it ain't his start to-night. Now, I'll have to ketch him at the turn."

For, between murderously in-leading "quarter poles" and sprawled out "blue slatters," the circus chariot race, perilous enough at best, is morally warrantable only under one absolute if not publicly-advertised prescription. At the end stakes, the car which has the poles, or inside, must give itself room for the turn by keeping on across the track and making its "swing around" by the quaking lower tiers of the "fifty centres." At the same instant, in a lurching flash, its place is taken by the car which has been nearest to it on the outside before. If there are more than two cars their "fours" make this shuttle movement in an instinctive, flying succession; they can get free racing enough on the stretches. If, of course, a charioteer had decided to commit suicide he could cling to that inside place and keep the lead—until the end. . . . And when, some thirteen seconds later, Colorad's four swept clashing down to the first turn, he saw that just that and nothing else was what old English was going to *do!*

"What you *at?*" exploded the Westerner through the tumult between car and car. "What you *up* to?" And his horses heaved and strained to get their proper turn beside the poles.

The old cabby's answer came over his shoulder in a voice that was thick and colorless. "Hi'll *show* yer wot I'm at! Hi'll show yer as there's *somethink* Hold Hingland can win out in!"

It seemed for a moment, in that crack-the-whip jerk of the "swing around," as if his inside sorrel was down. As for the driver himself, had he not been holding low, with his head thrust out like a turtle's, the cheek of Colorad's high gray would have knocked him squarely into the centre of the track.

And already Jersey's "four," in masterful rotation, had begun to take the place of Colorad's.

They closed in at the second stake, in their turn attempted to swing for the inside—and again the old man kept it! This time, for all its balance-weighting lead, his car lifted high upon its right wheel, and rode upon it for a dozen fearful seconds!

"Christmas!" yelled Jersey; "what you doin'?—Say! Say!—D'you want to be carried out o' here feet hangin'?"

"Hi 'now well wot I'm doin'. And m'ybe I've been warntin' to be carried out o' 'ere feet 'angin' for lorng enough!"

It was the most astonishing, the most astounding speech that Jersey had ever heard in his life!

"Ho, you're young, orl right!" cried the old man again, as their cars leaped hub to hub; "and yer blightin' country, she's young, too! So come on an' drive over me! Come on an' finish with it *now!*"

And then, at any rate, both Jersey and Colorad' *understood.* The question was, even with full understanding, could they keep away from him?

Doubtless they could—if chariot-races were run by the charioteers. But when the same "fours" have been sent against each other twelve times a week for months, such races are in reality run by the horses. And, even if a driver ever was possessed of the wrist power to halt four horses in mid career when all their training is lashing them on to do their uttermost, a circus charioteer is not an individual of high station and command. Jersey and Colorad' would as soon have thought of "throwing" that race on their own responsibility as of taking their fours out in front of the "big top" and offering them for sale.

"He's gone bug!" choked Jersey, when he and his brother "josher" found themselves careening abreast in English's dust; "he's gone bug as the whole freak show!"

"An' we're all snarled up to blazes already!"

"But we got to let him get away with it, *some* how!"

Yet unceasingly from behind them came that throbbing, harrying *ra-ra-ra-rararara* of the band in the "racing roulade." One would have said that the snare drums and the big bass were trying demoniacally to outpace that hammering devil's tattoo of the hoofs themselves. With a thresh of yoke chains the black four again carried their car rim to rim with English's, and again began to swing for the inside.

"Aw, say, now," pleaded Jersey huskily, "take 'em out, now; take 'em out. What's got youse, anyways?"

"Nothink's got me but wot's 'ad me these four months!—four months, an' me a strynger, an' not a word as pal to pal from any 'ecklin', beggarin' one of yer!" And again he kept the place.

To the shouting eight or ten thousand of the audience that chariot-race differed from other chariot races only in so much as they had never seen any other to approach it. To the circus people there was nothing that was not clearly seen and understood. But, as long as the band continued to make the pace, the horses would continue to run. And the ring master, who alone in the arena had authority to stop the band, had been called out a minute before by the manager. To Jersey and Colorad' it was now as if their cars were attached to a pair of tremendous chain ropes, held by some giant in the centre ring and whirled in a circle of resistless speed that grew with every revolution—and as it grew, too, passed ever more completely and horribly out of their own control. They had almost lost all sense of physical power themselves. And with that was the feeling that every time English escaped them, it was only the

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Complexities of the Complexion

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

A Good Complexion is Like Happiness. The Best Way to Miss it is to Aim at it Directly

FEW things are more irrational than our hygienic, moral and official attitude generally toward beauty. It is officially decried as the most evanescent of life's fleeting shows, as vanishing as Burns' Snowflake on the River:

"A moment white, then gone forever."

Besides, it is deceitful above all things—a lure to lead us into all sorts of trouble—a thing that as an aim, or a consideration that should influence us in the serious affairs of life, should not be regarded for a moment.

And yet—and yet—it drags every one at its chariot wheels, including even the moralist and the "practical" man themselves.

We can readily understand the denunciations of beauty. They are the desperate attempts of the rational, the prosaic sides of our nature to protect themselves from being utterly overwhelmed and overridden by this conquering daughter of the gods. But why, when we can see that it is a mere matter of surface tints and know that it is fleeting, are we so irresistibly attracted by it? Biology has an answer ready—that practically eight times out of ten beauty is Nature's seal of approval, her certificate of wholesomeness and of purity. Our ideas of beauty have largely been built by age-long experiences of the race upon the crude, old, matter-of-fact principle, "Handsome is as handsome does." From this point of view, yellow is beautiful, because it is the color of the sunshine, of warmth and light and growth. Blue is beautiful because it is the color of the clear sky. Red, as the color of the crimson life-blood, the mark and sign of health and vigor. A particular type and contour of face are beautiful because they are usually found associated with health, cheerfulness and efficiency in our own particular race. This is why the white races have one type of feminine beauty, the yellow races another and widely different one, and the black yet another; though, as all these belong to the human species and are more like than unlike, their ideals agree in many particulars.

In short, the very fact that a face strikes us as beautiful is, though by no means conclusive, good presumptive evidence that it is an index of balance, of vigor and cheerfulness—in other words, of the best features of the race. Curious proof of this may be found in the fact that a composite photograph of say one hundred individuals is always "better looking" than what we would regard as an average member of the group. The normal or racial features stand out prominently, and are "beautiful," while the abnormal, or defective, neutralize one another.

This brings us to the heart and crux of our subject. First of all, that it is perfectly legitimate for an individual—man or woman—to desire and by all reasonable means to attempt to obtain beauty. But, secondly, and even more fundamental, that beauty must be, in nine cases out of ten, the surface reflection of vigor, wholesomeness and purity, an index and a product of the deepest and most fundamental facts of bodily structure.

Few things could be falser than the oft-quoted old proverb, "Beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness goes to the bone!"

Easily two-thirds of human beauty is beauty of face, and a large share of this dominant element consists in that curious complex, built from a variety of influences, which is not inaptly, from this point of view, termed "a good complexion"—for a more complex phenomenon would be hard to discover in the whole realm of Nature.

Paying Interest on a Good Color

FIRST of all, every particle of color that the complexion has is borrowed—borrowed from the blood and from the heart—and the only terms upon which the loan will be continued are the prompt and regular payment of interest, not annually, or semi-annually, but daily. Said interest to be paid in coin or bills of four denominations, drawn upon the banks of the universe, namely, fire, water, air and earth: Fire in the form of that embodied sunlight we call food; air and water in the form of a continual bath of one and frequent baths of the other; earth, by exercise upon or in it, with foot, racquet or spade. All the changes in the color of the complexion are due solely to the amount of blood flowing through the blood-vessels of the face, and to the quality of that blood. The condition of the skin of the face has practically no more to do with it than the glass in the florist's window has with the flowers that are displayed behind it. Its whole duty, its utmost effect is achieved when it keeps itself clean. It is simply a living elastic, ground-glass or celluloid plate, through which the rosy blood, alike the life essence and the product of the entire body, can glow. We talk of the hero or the saint "with his soul shining through his face." Every one of us literally shows his heart through his complexion.

It is as idle to attempt to change, in any lasting way, the color of the complexion, by local manipulations, or applications of any sort, as it would be to make the petals of a rose redder by massaging them. When a gardener wishes to improve the size and color of a rose he knows exactly what to do. He plants it where it will get the morning sun, and yet be sheltered from the northeast winds. He enriches the soil about its roots with a lavish hand, shelters it from the glare of the midday sun, so that its siesta is not disturbed; he cleanses and cools its leaves and stalks by sprayings and sprinklings with pure water. And he gets his results. Just so must we go about it to improve that fairest rose of earth's garden, the human face.

Lemon Juice and Violet Pillows

THE only way to have a beautiful complexion is to observe the rules of Nature's universal beauty game, or to inherit one from ancestors who have played the game; and even this last choicest gift of the gods can only be retained by complying with the conditions, by paying the interest on the loan.

A good complexion is like happiness. The best way to miss it is to aim at it directly. It cannot exist either of itself, or for itself alone, any more than "art for art's sake." Its color is simply a flag flown at one of the outposts of the blood army. The only way in which it can be kept flying is by having a strong central force, and plenty of patroling parties, to keep the lines of communication open and maintain a sufficient guard at the outposts. And the guard is changed every fraction of a second. There is no such thing as a permanent "good color." The outpost is not even held by a permanent garrison, but its ruddy patch of vigor is due to a continuous stream of red corpuscles hurrying by at a double-quick, day and night. Stop them for two seconds, and you get "black in the face."

Let the knife of the rosiest, ruddiest, fisher-boy that ever pulled an oar slip and gash his femoral artery, and his face will become the color of marble, or of old ivory, in a handful of minutes, if the flow be not checked.

One of the many "complexities" of this subject is the exceptions that have to be made to every rule or statement. And here are two of them. First, that there is another color in the skin besides that of the blood, due to the pigment contained in the middle layer of cells (*rete Malpighii*). This is of a yellowish color, is present in traces in even the blondest skin, and by its varying amount causes not only the various "complexions," from *blond* to *brunette*, but the colors of the different races as well. The negro has exactly the same pigment as the white man, only more of it.

When the skin is exposed freely to the sun this pigment increases in amount, causing the familiar freckle, "tan" or bronze color. This is believed to be a protective reaction to screen the body against the injurious "ultra violet" or "chemical" rays of sunlight; hence its usual presence in large amounts in the skin of tropical races.

Second, that some girls and a few women will have perfectly ideal complexions, from the "June rose" to the "peaches and cream" varieties, and yet defy every known rule of health or of common-sense.

But even for this, biology has ready one of its cold-blooded explanations. A good complexion, a fine color, is not merely an index of health and vigor, but an advertisement. And as the flower develops the glowing colors of its petals to attract the bee or the butterfly with his load of fertilizing pollen, so wise old Mother Nature, in the kindness of her heart, has permitted our human buds and blossoms in the springtime to show the rose in the cheek, as a charm to all observers. That is why we are all beautiful, or much more nearly so, when we are young. Far the greater part of this happy faculty of the springtime of life is due to the greater wholesomeness, freshness and happiness of our whole body and mind in this rose-colored period. But not infrequently we find some daughter of Eve who has the charmed power of keeping half her life-blood coursing through her cheeks and glowing in her eyes. Like all hothouse flowers, such are usually the first to fade; but while they last they work havoc, both among hearts and hygienic laws. These are the cases that destroy all the authority of the doctors in matters cosmetic, that reduce to a mockery our rules of health, and make us throw up our arms in despair whenever the question of complexion is mentioned. It is simply one of the exasperating mysteries of the sex, which make it so utterly unmanageable, so impossible to generalize about—and so charming. It is these exceptional women, who are beautiful in spite of themselves, no matter what they may do which they should not do, or leave undone which they ought to have done, that are the basis for the denunciations of the moralists, of "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain." They are the despair of the hygienist, because, with a logic that is the privilege of their sex, they usually choose to regard this inborn and unescapable gift of theirs to be due solely to the silly, fluffy, little canary-bird things that they do to their faces, from lemon-juice and buttermilk to cold creams and face masks—all of which combined have as much to do with the case as the proverbial "flowers that bloom in the spring." And two-thirds of their less fortunate sisters imitate them and imagine that by infantile pattings and splashings of this sort they can reproduce in themselves these inborn, age-inherited charms.

"Mrs. So-and-So has a complexion like a peach, and *she* says she owes it to bathing her face in lemon-juice every night and sleeping on a violet pillow." "Doctor So-and-So tells me to sleep with my windows open, take more exercise and cold baths—I just *hate* 'em—and *he's* got a skin like a nutmeg grater and a nose like a beet."

It is easy to guess whose advice will be followed.

Tender Curves and Plain Fat

NEVERTHELESS, the fact remains that these women who are beautiful in spite of themselves are an exception, and a small one—not more than two or three out of every hundred; and for the vast majority of us, men and women, the best hope of beauty or attractiveness lies in playing the age-long rules of the game. You may have good red blood in your body, and not have it show in your face as much as you could desire. But unless you have it in your body it can't show in your face at all.

When your blood is thin—in the popular phrase, "watery"—deficient in red coloring matter and fat, your complexion will be poor and anæmic, no matter to what desperate local measures you may subject the unfortunate skin of your face. Good blood, and plenty of it, is the only sure recipe for good color, for the vast majority of us.

The next element in the "complexity" of this complexion phenomenon is outline, plumpness and softness and graceful curves. This again is in part due to the

amount of blood circulating through the tissues, for the skin of the face is wonderfully richly supplied with blood-vessels, and will swell like a sponge or shrivel like a dried prune as these are distended or emptied. But the most important element in plumpness and roundness of outline and softness of skin is a most matter-of-fact and unexpectedly prosaic substance, and that is plain fat. Every inch of our skin is padded and underlaid by a layer of semi-liquid fat, which thickens in the depressions into positive cushions. Not only is it necessary as a lubricant to allow the skin to glide smoothly over the underlying muscles and bones, but it is absolutely essential in a most vital way to its nutrition. When once the layer of fat that underlies our skin has been absorbed, as in starvation or illness, the skin becomes harsh, dry, rough and apt to crack and fissure; and there is absolutely no known method as yet discovered by the wit of man of fattening one part of the body and leaving the remainder of it thin. If you want to give a graceful plumpness and roundness of outline to your face, the only known way to do it is to feed the entire body. There is a homely Western form of invitation to dinner, "Draw up yer cheer, an' set down an' feed yer face!" but it expresses the only known method of accomplishing this latter feat.

A "skin-food" is as utter an absurdity as a brain-food, a "foot-food," or a "nose-food." The only possible way of feeding the skin is from the inside. Skin-foods can be bought at the grocer's and the butcher's, *not* at the druggist's.

Avoid the Artificial Glow

THE next element in contour, the lines of the face, the expression, the possibility of wrinkles, is another vital activity, beneath, and to a considerable degree outside, the skin itself. And this activity is represented by the muscles of the face. Here, alas, we have yet another division of this complex subject, which is itself "complexity worse complicated." Suffice it to say that the whole skin of the face is underlaid with a sheet of muscle, broken up into larger and smaller bands and fibres—twenty-odd pairs of them with Latin names longer than themselves—attaching themselves at their deeper ends to the underlying bones of cheek, jaw, brow, and at their surface ends to the under surface of the skin. Their purpose, very briefly, is to open and close the different orifices, eyes, nose and mouth, which have made the face the face. It might appear at first sight that *here* was an apparatus which, as the muscles are voluntary, we could control by the exercise of our will, and hence determine our own attractiveness of expression. But unfortunately—or rather fortunately—the matter goes far deeper than this, and if there be anything which is beyond our control it is the expression of our countenances, for the brief biological reason that the contractions and relaxations of these muscles are governed by the needs and conditions of the canals or openings which they open and close. The muscles of the lower half of the face, roughly speaking, are controlled by and express the condition of our digestion, and respond to impulses from every inch of our thirty-odd feet of food tube. The muscles of the middle third, surrounding the nostrils, are controlled, entirely beyond our power of interference, by the conditions of our lungs and body tissues in regard to their oxygen supply; while those of the upper third of the face respond to the impressions made upon our optic nerves and sense of smell, or, as these are the foundations of our brain, upon our whole minds and intelligences.

It is little wonder that our shrewd old ancestors for hundreds of generations past have attached great importance to the expression of a man's countenance, as an indication both of his efficiency and his disposition. Not what we would like to be, but what we are, is written upon our faces. If we want to have a cheerful and pleasing expression, we can't get it by repeating patent formulæ like, "Papa, potato, prisms, prunes and plums!" but by living the life, and playing the game hard, but fair. If you want to keep unpleasant lines from appearing at the corners of your mouth, don't skimp on your butcher's and grocer's bills in order to spend on veils and skin-foods.

If you wish to keep the crow's-feet away from the corners of your eyes, live a wholesome, cheerful, natural life, as much as possible in the open air and the sunshine, instead of trying to rub them out after they have happened. Old Omar must have had in mind these deadly lines and marks upon the human countenance when he sang:

The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back, to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

This Works Partly by Direct Effort, but Chiefly by the Appetite it Gives

The only real way of exercising your face is to exercise your entire body and mind. These little strands of muscle beneath the skin are in constant and incessant play during all our waking hours. They give the skin its only real and effective massage—from the inside. If you want to exercise and develop it to its highest possibilities of vigor, elasticity and beauty, you must live, and enjoy things, *with every inch of your body*. And twenty-six pairs of these tireless little workmen, pushing and pulling and twitching all day and night long, will do infinitely more, to improve your complexion and smooth out your wrinkles, if you will only give them a fair chance and head them in the right direction, than the most elaborate pattings and rubbings and massagings ever thought of, which at best can cover a mere fraction of an hour in the twenty-four.

It is true that various of these methods, like massaging, steaming, bathing in very hot water, and the application of alcohol, camphor, acids and irritants of various sorts, will draw the blood to the surface, and temporarily increase the amount of it circulating in the face, thus giving an artificial glow, or imitation "complexion." But they never can produce the real thing or more than a mere temporary effect. Moreover, like everywhere else in the world, action is followed by reaction; and the complexion that is perpetually fussed with in this way, and steamed and parboiled, or half skinned and scrubbed, is very apt in a short time to get a distinctly second-hand or "fifth of July" sort of appearance. In fact, it is nearly sure to do so, unless it happens to be one of those hereditary and indestructibly good ones to begin with. Moreover, most of these kneading and cooking methods encourage the growth of hair upon the face—though usually not enough to enable you to exhibit as the Bearded Lady.

The Best Colors for the Face

LAST of all, there is the nature and structure of the skin itself to be considered. This is simply a great water-proof, air-proof, cold-proof, electricity-resisting sheet, which is spread over the entire body, for the purpose of *shutting out injurious external influences*. Its business is passive resistance, not active participation of any sort. Its duty is to shut things out, not take them in. It has glands, but they are for the purpose of pouring forth excretions (the sweat glands) or for the lubrication of the hair (sebaceous glands). It has little more power of absorption than a mackintosh coat. Nothing save a few of the strongest drugs can be driven through it, except under pressure of a powerful electric current. Most of the drugs that we formerly believed were absorbed through it, like mercury, iodine and carbolic acid, are now known to be volatilized by the heat of the body and inhaled through the nose and mouth, while they scarcely penetrate the skin at all. Still less can any nutriment of any sort be made to pass through it. Milk-baths, wine-baths and oil-baths are pure relics of barbarism and superstition. They are practically never used nowadays except as an advertising dodge by clever actresses.

Its very structure is significant, its outer layer made up of from three to five successive layers of cells, the deepest of which are comparatively round, the next cuboidal, and the next flattened or tile-shaped (from which they take their name, "epithelial"), and the most superficial ones, flat and scalelike. These are in continual process of growth and change, forming in the deeper layers, and moving outward toward the surface, flattening and drying as they go. When finally they reach the surface, which they coat like the shingles on a roof, they are half dead, and rapidly shrivel up, die and fall off. We are thus continually discharging a shower of scales, of dead skin-cells, from every inch of our surface, day and night. Supposing even that we saturate the surface layers with some powerful mordant like iodine, or paint them with a caustic like nitrate of silver or nitric acid, it is only a question of a few days or hours when the cells thus impregnated are shed and thrown off from the body. Everything that attempts to enter through the skin must run counter to this constant outward current of living cells. When by heat, friction, scrubbings, or even acids and caustics, you peel off this surface layer of cells, all you do is to increase the rapidity of their rate of dying a little, without any effect whatever upon the deeper cells. In fact, the skin is one magnificent mechanism for cleaning itself and shedding things.

As to cosmetics in general, there is little to be said, and that little probably useless—as they are. Their worst fault is that they are utterly ineffective, and that they delude those who use them into the idea that by these superficial tinkerings and artificial tricks they can escape the penalties of neglecting their health. Comparatively few of them are actively harmful—they are merely worthless. Nine-tenths of them consist of ninety per cent. rose-water, nine per cent. lavender, rosemary, violets and other perfumes, and one per cent. of substances like borax, benzoin, walnut leaves and lemon peel. A glance at their formula will double a pharmacist up like a paragraph from Puck. Those who have naturally good complexions will get good results from them; those who have poor ones, poor results. Those that give artificial tints are of course frank confessions of failure, and usually deceive few besides their wearers. *Real* blemishes and defects of the skin, like pimples, pustules, blotches, roughness, chapping, scaly patches, birth-marks, are the results of disease, and, like other diseases, can be treated and cured by competent physicians. Diseases of the skin, or dermatology, form a large and important special field in scientific medicine and are no longer left to charlatans and adventurers.

The Only Way to Have a Beautiful Complexion is to Observe the Rules of Nature's Universal Beauty Game

Wash the face as if it were a window-pane—not a kitchen floor. Nature's own face-cream is a delicate oil, poured out by the sweat-glands. Too hot water and too strong soaps remove this, leaving the delicate surface unprotected, to roughen, crack and chap.

The only known "skin tonic" that works is cold, in the form of cold air in liberal doses. This works partly by direct effect, partly by the exercise it spurs you to to keep warm, but chiefly by the appetite it gives you.

The best colors to apply to your face—through the opening provided for that purpose—are red meats, green vegetables, purple fruits, golden butter, white bread and sugar.

Take care of the body and the complexion will take care of itself. If you want to *look* beautiful, *be* it through and through and you'll achieve your ambition in some measure. "Hansum does" soon becomes "hansum is."

A Straight and Narrow Path

ALMOST everybody agrees upon Judge Gray's eminence as a jurist, and, remembering his leadership of the anthracite coal-strike arbitration-board, his services in The Hague Court, his membership on the High Commission of Quebec, and his relations with the consummation of the Treaty of Paris, nobody should doubt but that he knows everything about how to make peace on earth and something about how to make peace with Heaven.

It was of the latter subject that he was speaking a few weeks ago when he said:

"In my opinion, it is not so much how a man was brought up that counts as how, having been brought up, he finally descends. There, for instance, was that good liver, old Colonel Rumsey, of Kentucky. The Colonel was desperately wounded at the battle of Lookout Mountain and, after the engagement, asked that a clergyman be sent for. His orderly knew the officer's religious education, and so returned to the dying man's bedside considerably disturbed by the fact that he could discover no minister of the Colonel's own denomination.

"'Beg pardon, suh,' said the orderly, saluting, 'but I couldn't find a Presbyterian anywhere, an' I somewhat hesitated 'bout bringin' the only available man.'

"'Why so, Tom?' the Colonel demanded.

"''Cause he was a 'Piscopalian, suh.'

"The dying *bon-vivant* smiled wanly.

"'Bring him 'long, Tom,' he gasped; 'bring him right 'long. He ought to do pretty smart. It's true I was bawn an' raised a Presbyterian, but then, you see, when I come to consider all the things I've done, I'm afraid I've lived pretty much of an Episcopalian life.'"

POETS—HUMAN AND DIVINE

An Æsthete, a Chauffeur, and a Real Literary Society

By Richard Walton Tully

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM

I DON'T know how our literary society started, unless it was that Bee Appleton went to a lecture on "Poets—Human and Divine," given by Fra Sommers, of the Little Workers of the Wilderness, at Carnegie Hall. She had to. Her mother, Mrs. *Oliver* Appleton, you know, was one of the patronesses and made her go, because all of the smart people were sure to be represented. You know, Beatrice never really did care for literary things, although she always used to carry around a book whenever scientists, or people like that, came to visit her mother, because it looked intellectual. That is Beatrice.

Though, now that I think of it, I remember that she had been furious that day over the sly way that Gladys Weller had dropped the information that Patricia Boardman was making a tremendous success of her "Occult Circle." We didn't know what that was then, but Billy Fillston said it was "leading a fat East Indian on a string, feeding him doughnuts and dough until the police arrest him as an impostor." Maybe that's it, but I think Billy only said that to please Beatrice; she is always so green over anything Patricia brings off.

Anyway, Bee went to that lecture, and I went with her. It was Lent, anyhow, and there was nothing much going on. And, besides, George Rockwell and Billy were going, and I had a fine chance to wear my new mourning jewels, because mamma's second cousin, in Ohio, had just died.

Mrs. Gaynes was chaperon. Bee and I need it? Of course not. But this was a function, and we had to have her for show purposes. But, if it had been automobile rides, where nobody would see us, that would have been different. But Beatrice's mamma insisted, and so we took Mrs. Gaynes and, with the boys, that was our party.

The lecturer was speaking when we came in, but that didn't put Beatrice out a bit. She just managed everything so that nobody paid the least attention to what he was saying. No! While we were seating ourselves the whole hall looked at us, and, until Beatrice was settled comfortably and quit her talking, and showed that she was going to listen, they kept looking our way. It was quite a triumphant entrance.

Then the lecture went on. I couldn't repeat a word of it to you if I tried. It was all about some man named Dante, who wrote something a long time ago, somewhere—oh, yes!—in Greece, I think. And his verses were rather nice, to hear that Sommers talk.

But what I *do* remember was about Beatrice. Not Bee Appleton, you see, but another girl, a fearfully long while ago, in Greece, with the same name. It seems that this person Dante never even spoke to her, but wrote a tremendous lot of things about her, and thought that she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

With a Laurel Wreath on His Head

Well, that was what started Beatrice (our Bee, I mean). And I really don't blame her, because the way that lecturer sighed and rolled his eyes, and looked just too overcome, was simply splendid. And after he was through Beatrice just sat there, as if she were dreaming, until I touched her arm.

She turned then, absolutely ecstatic. "Oh, Jenny," she said, "to be loved like that by a poet—human and divine!" And her eyes rolled up just like the lecturer's had done.

That made George mad. Because, you see, this was the fourth time he had been engaged to Beatrice, and he knew just how the trouble usually started. And, besides, it had only been a week since they had patched it up again, and it was not fair for her to begin to bubble over and get interested in some one else so soon. Signs like that were dangerous, so it made George mad and sarcastic.

"Ha," he said, "if she'd married that Dante What's-his-name, what kind of a rotten job would she have had trying to live on his weird work? Does poetry buy buzz-wagons and the fizzy stuff? Not, never!"

But Beatrice just gave him one of her frappé looks, and he wilted, and said he was going to take lessons from the lecturer and write poetry himself.

Just then, Mrs. Van Styne, from the next box, leaned over and said she wanted to introduce somebody to Beatrice. "My dear young *children*," she said, "what a pleasure." And she gave Mrs. Gaynes the kind of nod that means, "It's because I have to." (There has been no love lost between those two since last summer, when Mrs. Gaynes had Gid Van Styne on her string at Newport, you know.)

Beatrice said she was charmed, and then Mrs. Van Styne introduced him. His name was Merlroth, and, what do you think? He was a poet! Mrs. Van Styne said so. He was tall, and had a pale, gray sort of face, with awful sad eyes, and a curious way of combing his hair—I mean, not combing it—all over. I had noticed him before, but not knowing he was a poet, of course I thought he was just—er—careless.

But he really was a wonderful poet, and so æsthetic. Yes, really. Because, though he was born here, he had spent his life abroad in France, England and all those places where they have real Art. And he had brought a letter from the Countess of Bournemouth, Mrs. Van Styne said, and he had been taken up by a lot of the smart people on the other side. So, you see, he really was great.

Well, when Beatrice heard that, you should have seen the change that came over her. She dropped her eyes and rolled them, just like Fra Sommers had done, and tried to look as demure as a Greek angel. And when he heard her name he fell right in with the whole thing, and murmured lots to her I couldn't quite catch, although I got close to them as I rearranged my hat. It was something about "with such a Beatrice for inspiration," or something like that.

Bee answered him, and gave him what George calls her "'steen horse-power" look, and he seemed impressed. Or, maybe it was that she said he must come up and dine with them some night. He *did* look hungry, rather.

Anyway, that was how it all started, and nothing more happened at the lecture, because Gid strolled in just then. Of course, he went right up and spoke to Mrs. Gaynes. That made his mother raise her eyebrows. And the worst of it was, that Mrs. Gaynes saw it, and so put up *her* eyebrows, and rushed us away. I wish chaperons wouldn't take out their spite on the helpless girls they have in tow!

But did Bee lose her enthusiasm? Not a bit. When we got home—I was spending several weeks with her then, because mamma had gone to Palm Beach—when we got home she just burst with enthusiasm, and practiced Greek poses in the drawing-room for an hour, while I played love-music on the piano. She held her furs in her hand, pretending they were a lute, and spoke in low, trembly tones of Dante, and his Greek Beatrice, and everything like that. It didn't rhyme at all, but it sounded splendid, while I was playing Hearts and Flowers.

Then she came down to earth and planned it all out. Oh, she's immensely clever that way. It seems, he had told her the trouble. He was a great poet, but his genius was not recognized as it ought to be in New York. The publishers, somehow, had reached an agreement among themselves just to keep him down, and not to take up any of his work, and most of them were jealous, anyhow, because he wrote so splendidly—at least, that was what he said—and Beatrice just made up her mind that they simply *had* to recognize poor Mr. Merlroth, if her father had to buy out a publishing company to do it; but, for the time being, we decided just to help Mr. Merlroth through our literary society.

And next day Mrs. Van Styne said that was best, too; because, if we took him up, that would make him with everybody else. Only she cautioned Bee that Merlroth was poor, but proud, and, if she asked him to dine, we must pretend that he was doing us an honor; and we should always offer him money as a loan, not as a gift. So Bee pretended that it was a Greek dinner we wanted him to. But later, when George talked it over with him, it turned out that it wasn't a Greek dinner that he wanted, but a Bohemian one, because all true Art springs from Bohemia.

He couldn't desert his friends, George said he said, putting his hand to his heart. They were Bohemians together! And he could not take this good fortune which had come to him without sharing it with them—because Bohemians always shared. So George invited his friends, too, and next night we had our first literary meeting.

Oh! It was such fun, being literary. You wouldn't have thought it, really. You know, I always thought that it was hard work, and dry, and all that, but it wasn't; it was simply tremendous.

Mr. Merlroth's friends were all there. One was actually an anarchist! Think of that! An anarchist who said he would "just as lief kill a hundred innocent people to punish any one that was at the head of anything." But he had been a Polish nobleman, so that made it all right.

Then there was a Russian patriot girl, who couldn't speak anything in English but "Love is as free as a bird."

And she smoked, too. Of course, we didn't mind that, because most of the girls have taken that up, anyhow; but she smoked as though she liked it, not as though trying to be smart, or cute, and have the men say complimentary things.

And most of our little set were there, too: George and Billy, and Ezra Tubble, and Harry Worthing, and Gid, and Gladys and one or two others.

Oh! I forgot to tell you that we dined in an East Side Italian restaurant, because Merlroth's friends (poor things) might be afraid to come up to Beatrice's; and, besides, Billy Fillston suggested that the Anarchist might bite off the door plate when he saw the luxury inside. So, from all things, we thought it best to start the club as real Bohemians.

Well, it really was splendid and absolutely new. Beatrice said it was more fun than amateur theatricals. We all sat around a dirty table, while they served us all manner of mysterious dishes, and very bad wine, and we talked about Art.

And it turned out that that Dante was only a second-rate poet, after all, and so was Shakespeare. The greatest was a man from Bohemia, called Beaudelaire. *He* was something, said Merlroth, drawing a dainty lace handkerchief from his sleeve and rolling his eyes expressively—much better than the lecturer had done.

"Oh, see what we've missed!" said Billy Fillston. (He seemed to feel so bad because he'd gone through Columbia and never heard of Beaudelaire.) "Waiter, bring me two more quarts of that stuff with bubbles in it I forget what you call it."

The waiter bowed and said "champagne."

"Champagne! Ah, yes!" said Billy, "I knew it began with a Q. Bring hither quick, while I drown my disappointment!"

And he did—the rest of the evening.

Then Merlroth read his first poem to us, and it was splendid—grand. Something about New York, and it was called The Dying City, and it was just full of fine things like this—I remember part:

Along the slimy path a crawling thing, all blood-besplotched, moans moodily in misery,
And dank breaths breathe forth their fetid warmth from caverns foul and shivery——

"Ah! the subway!" lisped Gid. He tries so hard to understand.

But Merlroth frowned and scared poor Gid nearly to death. Then the poem went on, and finished with something about:

A heart that fluttered and expired
Because it heard a sigh.

Wasn't that splendid? And the part about blood and all that was *so strong!* When he finished the Anarchist rose solemnly, put his hands on Merlroth's shoulders and wept, saying it was the greatest thing that had ever been written.

The Russian woman said something that meant "symphony divine," and Beatrice was so overcome that she cried, too. To think that she should have discovered such a wonderful poet! And everybody drank Mr. Merlroth's health, and, one after another, everybody got up and said how great he was, except Billy Fillston.

Billy always would be a discordant voice. "Excuse me," he said, "I would always rather be a live codfish than a dead mackerel. The White Lights and The Strenuous Life for mine!" But he *drank*, just the same, to Merlroth, and to success against the mean publishers; but perhaps it was only because it gave him an excuse.

The only one who didn't drink was the chauffeur. Oh, didn't I tell you about him? Yes, he was inside, too.

It all happened when we were choosing a name. The Anarchist wanted it called "The Brotherhood of Man Literary Society." All men were brothers, he said, and to prove it he rushed out and brought our chauffeur in out of the cold, and embraced him, and said: "See this man who works with his hands—I call him 'brother!'"

The chauffeur (his name was Allen) didn't seem to want to be embraced, and tried to get out again.

But Billy Fillston made him stay, because he said that Allen worked with his feet, too, and he would call him "lobster!"

And Allen laughed, because he and Billy had known each other at college, and Bee decided that we should have that name, and proposed Allen as a member to show how she felt. So he stayed.

But he didn't drink. It's funny, isn't it, that, no matter how much people take themselves, they always want their driver to be absolutely sober? But I think Allen just didn't want to, because he was recommended to the Appletons by Abigail Havens. She's that prim, little blue-stocking from Pittsfield, and she knew all about him, she said—in fact, was a very good friend. So, of course, he *must* have been naturally temperance, or *she* wouldn't have said that.

Allen was well educated and all that, too. He was from somewhere out West and had actually gone to Columbia for a year or two, until his money gave out. That's where he met Billy—though goodness knows how. Then he came to the Appleton's.

Well, anyway, this night he didn't drink, as I said before. He just sat and looked at the whole thing in rather a serious, surprised way—though once, when Mr. Merlroth was reading, I thought I saw him laughing, but maybe it was a fish bone.

After the ovation to Merlroth quieted down, then the Anarchist gave a speech. The first part of it was simply scarey, that's all. There was nothing right about anything, and nothing good about anything, and nobody was happy anywhere, and everything like that. Then he explained about the true brotherhood of man. It seems that it is for everybody to give everybody else what they have, only he and his friends are the ones to be given to.

Then Ezra Tubble interrupted by suggesting that the Anarchist start to work at his uncle's on Monday, shoveling coal, and assist in the dividing up on pay-day at the end of the week.

That made the Anarchist perfectly furious. He clasped his white hands, and actually cried real tears at Ezra's inhumanity, to think that, when he was so hungry, he could shovel coal! "Some day," he said, waving his long fingers in the air, "it is you and yours that shall shovel coal."

Spoke in Low, Trembly Tones of Dante, and His Greek Beatrice, and Everything Like That

"My uncle did," said Ezra; "that's how he began."

(You know, the Tubbles never can be of *the* inner set, for his uncle really *was* a miner before he invented that patent coal-car.)

"Oh, *you* do not understand," said the Anarchist in disgust, "but we, *we*, who feel the hunger and oppression, know! All we want is bread, *bread, BREAD!*"

And it made him feel no better when Billy Fillston got up, bowed, and handed him one of those long Italian loaves. Because, you see, he'd had hors-d'œuvres, soup, fish, several entrées and a roast already.

He scorned it, he said, and started to tell why. I am sure something serious would have happened if Beatrice hadn't stepped in and just sat on them all.

He was right for wanting bread, she said, and she was a brother to Merlroth, the Anarchist and his friends, and she invited them all up to her home to dine the next night.

I don't know why, but that seemed to smooth everything over—I suppose because it showed that she didn't think herself any better than they were. She would show Ezra and Billy, Bee said—she would show them she was a true Bohemian. And, would you believe it? George stuck up for her, too, because, you see, he figured out that if he didn't get enthusiastic about Merlroth, Beatrice would think he was jealous and maybe break off her engagement again. So he made a speech, and gave it to Ezra and Billy for suggesting that such a nature's gentleman as an Anarchist should work.

Then the Russian girl played a piece on the piano, and when she was through Merlroth went over, touched her reverently on the head, with tears in his eyes, and said: "Wholly the inspiration of genius." And everybody loaded *her* with congratulations to think that she should be so great.

Then she said that *her* inspiration was the Anarchist. She said it in Russian, and the Anarchist translated it for us: that he was her guiding star, because he was freedom, and her music was freedom, and all was freedom. And then we all congratulated the Anarchist.

But he said, ah, no, *his* inspiration was Merlroth and his great work. So we just congratulated all three of them together. To think we had come to know such great people.

But Allen, the chauffeur, choked up so that he got to coughing and had to go out, and Billy, by this time, was feeling so free that he stood on the table and sang The Star-Spangled Banner, and George and Ezra joined in.

And our first meeting ended, though the Anarchist wanted to stay and talk some more, to prove that the United States was not "the land of the free," because they "make a man stay married to the one wife all his life, when, perhaps——" But we did not stay to hear the end, because Beatrice and I took the Russianess in the car with us and set her down at her home. And the boys stayed at the restaurant to hear the Anarchist.

He must have convinced them, for the next day when I met Billy he said something about the Anarchist being all right, all right, and his capacity was great. But he didn't say what for.

Next night they all came up to dine and a lot more of our set who wanted to join—and Abigail. Yes. That little Puritan just begged to come. You see, Allen, the chauffeur, had told her about it, some way, and she had been immensely interested, and came. So did Allen. Oh, yes, he was a member now, and so we had to include him, you know.

And the Anarchist didn't seem to mind the luxury at all, because he smoked a cigar in the drawing-room and put his muddy feet on the satin divan. That showed his equality and proved his freedom.

Anyway, the dinner passed off much nicer than the other, because everything was planned. And during it George unfolded Beatrice's great secret. This was it:

She was the President of the Daughters of the Ancient Dames, you know. That afternoon she had told them at a meeting that her father would give a thousand dollars as a prize for the best poem written for their anniversary celebration. And they had accepted, and chosen a committee to attend to all the little things. You see: a contest—a prize—Mr. Merlroth would win and get his true position as the greatest poet of the age!

Well, that just pleased everybody, and Mr. Merlroth, himself, got up and bowed twice in gratitude, "for their thinking of him in that connection."

Just before George spoke I had been looking at Allen, the chauffeur; he was looking toward Beatrice, and his eyes had a peculiar, faraway expression of tenderness, rather. But Bee was all eyes for Merlroth, and only Abigail, the little Puritan, who was right next to her, looked back at him sympathetically.

Poor fellow! I thought I knew what was the matter with him. Bee always makes it a point that her coachman must worship the ground she walks on—at a distance.

Yes, he was smiling at Bee or Abigail (I wasn't quite sure which) when George said that about the thousand-dollar prize. He looked up with such a start, and his hands tightened so quickly that he broke in two a confection that he had half-way to his mouth.

I leaned over to him. "What are you thinking of, Mr. Allen?" I asked.

He looked up and gave a sad laugh, rather. "The poem and the prize to be won," he answered.

"Oh, you are a literary poet?" I went on, teasing him.

"No," he answered in the funniest way, smiling; "not *literary*, though I did a couple of things at college before I—I had to quit," and he looked rather faraway again.

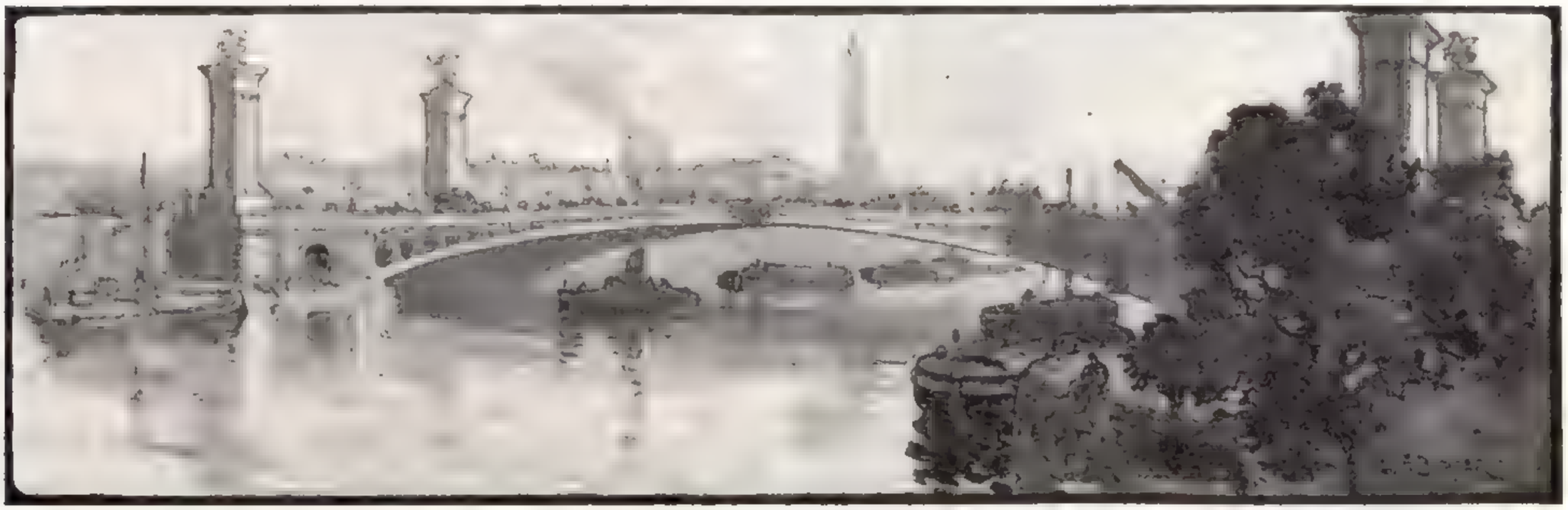
"Why not try for it?" It was Abigail—sharp, short and earnest, just as if she meant it.

She had been listening to us on the sly. As though I would flirt with a chauffeur! and the idea that one could write poetry!

(Continued on Page 31)

THAT DEAR PARIS

How the Gay Capital Takes Care of the Good American



By KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

THERE is a saying of the kind that passes as epigram among those addicted to the ready-made phrase, to the effect that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. On the other side there is a sentiment of diametrically opposed nature current in America—usually expressed in its greatest intensity by a peculiarly provincial type of American business man or a recently arrived citizen—that America is "good enough" for him. The Irish customs officials are fond of remarking to arriving passengers: "What are you good Americans doing in Europe?" This point of view indicates about the same degree of enlightenment as the frequent French comment upon the traveling propensity of Americans, "Oh, so you don't like your own country!"

While such a reasoning process is the label of a mental not a racial class, it is nevertheless true in a practical sense, that for the enjoyment of those practical advantages for which Paris was formerly famous—most conspicuously its art schools, its dressmakers and its shops—America is now not only "good enough," but in advance of Paris. For while it is essential for the art student to spend a certain amount of leisurely time in all the great European cities in order to achieve all that is embodied in that much misused and vulgarized word "culture," it is not in the least necessary now for the art student to study in Paris. Indeed, Paris is far less important to the art student than Berlin is to the music student. The fact is that relative conditions in the great cities have changed radically since the days when the French city was the centre of art and fashion and set the pace for the world. But Paris has been for so long the golden city of the dreamer, the standard, the object of pilgrimage, for all classes, from the artist to the crudest type of the *nouveaux riches*, that somehow the shibboleth still lives on although the rest of the world has moved along and left Paris far behind in the world's progress—a city of gas and candles, where the commoner class of hotels still advertise "*gaz*" as a luxury; a city of the slowest and most careless mail and telegraph service in Europe, where telegrams are often not received on the day they are sent and frequently not received at all; where it is not possible to send a telegram after twelve on Sunday; a city with practically no telephone service, as it is so expensive and blunderingly managed that it is practically unavailable, and only a few business houses and hotels have a connection; a city with no messenger service; a city where sweet cream is almost unprocurable (the French taste preferring it sour); where clean sheets and towels and napkins are considered wanton extravagance and ice an unnecessary luxury; where all the public buildings are unventilated and the department stores systems are as cumbersome as a Marie Antoinette coach.

Frenchmen no Longer Leaders in Art

AND what of the great art shibboleth of Paris? Who is there, Rodin aside, that we would unhesitatingly acclaim a genius, with the possible exception of Lucius Simon? There are a few men of unquestioned talent, yet the fact remains that the best work exhibited in the salon in recent years is by foreign painters: American, Spanish, Scandinavian. The opera is known by musicians to be worse than that in any other large city, in spite of the fact that such exceptional artists as Jean de Reszke, Maurel and Plançon have sung there. And at the Opéra Comique where the Conservatoire pupils appear—unfortunate victims of a ruinous vocal method—the performances are unimaginably strident and noisy, both vocally and orchestrally.

As for the theatres, the majority of the plays are pronouncedly of the character that we characterize as "French," and the technique of the actors is usually either academic as at the Comédie Française, or on the order of the lung contest. France, of course, has her great actors—the Coquelins, Réjane, Sarah Bernhardt, Le Bargy, Yvette Guilbert, Mounet-Sully. But the general excellence of the Parisian stock companies is not comparable for a moment with that of the theatres of Germany or Italy, or with the performances of such actors as the Russian players who accompanied Orleneff and Nazimova to America.

As for the French literature of the period, it has to a great extent the same unwholesome character as the plays, and the most widely recognized living writer in the French tongue is a Belgian. The best of the modern French composers have followed the Belgian, Cæsar Franck.

Paris Not Really Cosmopolitan

IT WOULD seem as if the literary and artistic light of France, if not totally eclipsed, were at least temporarily extinguished. Meantime other countries have been developing. Scandinavia and Russia have produced great painters and musicians, and America has produced some great artists. Germany continues to retain its musical prestige and is in many other ways one of the most progressive of modern countries. America now has art schools of the first class, enabling students to live in wholesome conditions while working. And although the Beaux Arts is, I believe, still recognized as the best school of architecture, a thoroughly adequate training even in that line may be obtained at home. And America has so progressed in her industries that, for example, American silks are superior to the French ones and no more expensive.

The unprejudiced observer is forced to the conviction that the grandeur that was France and the glory that was Paris lay in the country's great men, not in any intrinsic general quality possessed by the people. One hears of Paris—another popular shibboleth—as the most cosmopolitan city in the world. It is true that Paris for many years has harbored people of all nationalities, but what effect has it had upon the life of the city or the mentality of the people? What other people in the world are so unacquainted with any language but their own, what is more intensely conservative and provincial than the French point of view? Who has greater hostility to strangers or fleeces them more conscientiously—on a comparatively small scale, perhaps, but at least to the limit of their imagination!

The American girl walking alone on the street, independent and unconscious, has no conception, until a residence in Paris has acquainted her with the unpleasant fact, of the French point of view toward her act. And what of the cosmopolitanism of the Parisian attitude toward a certain color, which has remained so unaltered through years of contact with foreigners that no woman who has lived for any length of time in Paris is willing to wear it because of the misunderstanding to which it would subject her. A provincialism so deeply rooted that it is unable to realize the fact that another country could attach a different significance to a color or a custom would seem to be the very antithesis of cosmopolitanism. And when such a viewpoint can persist in a city which has been filled with foreigners for half a century, the assimilative quality must be almost non-existent. It is true that there has been an effect produced by the foreign element in Paris through the active, if unimaginative, commercial instincts of the natives, which has resulted in the Parisian shop and pension keepers coming to realize that something was to be gained by having articles and conditions to satisfy a foreign demand; but the French point of view remains unchanged.

The shibboleth of the Paris shops has had an extraordinary vitality, although American women are beginning to realize that the majority of the articles purchasable in Paris are actually inferior to those on sale at home. It is true that certain articles are slightly less expensive in Paris than they are in New York, but not at all in the proportion they should be logically, considering the enormous disparity in the price of labor in the two countries. The shopkeepers in Paris make fortunes; the condition of the workers they employ is scarcely improved at all by the extra prices obtained by their employers from American customers. This raise in prices for Americans is, by the way, universal. Not only are the prices higher in the shops in what is known as the American season, but Americans who have kept house for years in Paris, either on an expensive scale or a simple one, unite in saying that it is impossible for the American to buy things for the same price as a French person. And in what is known as the American quarter—the district between Boulevard Montpannasse and the Luxembourg—where Americans of moderate means have congregated—the anomalous condition has resulted that prices for everything, except lodging, are higher than in the majority of the quarters on the right bank recognized as expensive.

American Shops for the Best of Paris Productions

THE best of such articles as the American woman prefers to have from Paris, such as hats and certain elaborate costumes, are exported to America, and now American dressmakers of the best class make costumes as beautiful as the Parisian establishments—as the majority of our actresses and fashionable women have discovered. Moreover, the costumes are better made in America. It is impossible, for example, except at one or two houses which are branches of American firms, to get such a tailor suit as Americans can purchase ready made for half the price at home. The French fabricators are hopelessly inexact. They cannot, therefore, cut and fit an exact thing like a tailor suit, still less do they know how to press and stiffen it. They can design ingenious and beautiful costumes for house and evening wear—although mysterious and

inexplicable will be found the manner of their construction when the home dressmaker sets about the inevitable refitting—but a tailor suit or a well-made shirtwaist is beyond their powers. The so-called tailor suits worn by Frenchwomen have a jacket as tightly fitted as is possible, and a skirt which never looks crisp or pressed, and while it is well up over the boots in front, usually drags in the dirt at the back

Also, except in the case of the best-dressed Frenchwomen, the materials used are half cotton. Woolen cloths are far more expensive in Paris than in America and, except for the broadcloths, are usually of the kind that we associate with the cheapest grade of shops in America All the woolen materials that seem possible to an American purchaser have come from England.

In fact, another of the many superstitions exploded by a residence in Paris is that of the Parisian woman as the standard of elegance in dress. The average Frenchwoman is, in point of fact, seldom well dressed from an American standpoint. It is usual to see her in, for example, a dark cloth dress, a white chiffon hat, a pink parasol and light-brown, high-buttoned boots, and, in the summer, in a pair of far from immaculate white cotton gloves. As for the outdoor costumes worn in the French summer resorts, they are, as a rule, even more incongruous, and no matter how lacy the blouse, it is usually worn with a high starched collar, fastened with gold pins. For the last six years such a general effect of dressing seems to have obtained among Frenchwomen. Among the fashionable and wealthy class of Parisians styles more approaching our own standards may be observed, but even then there is almost invariably the touch of exaggeration in hat and coiffure that we associate with the shop girl.

An interesting point in connection with the cost of Paris gowns is the French dressmaker's custom of asking in the beginning a larger price than he or she expects ultimately to accept. A reason for this given, when a case came up in court, was that French customers are not in the habit of paying a bill until it has accumulated to a large amount, when they will offer a sum considerably less in settlement The dressmaker said that, if he did not make the original amount too large, he would lose heavily. The American woman, therefore, who pays what is originally asked is given a fictitious price

A tailor suit is not the only article of wearing apparel that is markedly inferior in Paris. The dainty French slipper of which we have all heard is a thing that does not exist. What the French slipper really is is an uncomfortable monstrosity with long, sharp toes and a low instep. American shoes have now a large sale in Paris. French stockings are almost always too large for the American woman's foot and are of a clumsy shape that wrinkles over the ankle. The silk petticoats, although charmingly designed, do not last so long as American ready-made silk skirts at the same price, and, incidentally, although the skirts are the same price, the woman in making such an article in America would earn as much in a day's work as the French seamstress would in a week. The dainty embroidered blouses, both those on sale in the large department stores and in the small lingerie shops, are all constructed on the French design—so tight across the bust and shoulders that the buttons draw apart in the back but enormous in the neck.

It is a fact, I believe, that the American neck is smaller than the French, but no human neck could be the size of those on the ready-made French blouses. Yet the Frenchwomen of all classes, from the expensively-dressed woman to the shop girl who shows you the blouse, unite in having an amused contempt for the American taste in pattern. "What mademoiselle desires is not a blouse, but a sacque," I was once told after rejecting a blouse that would not button. But the real surprise comes when the American woman somewhat accustomed to home dressmaking sets about to alter one of these blouses. She then receives an impression that she has passed into a nightmare, or is handling the work of a child or a lunatic—so haphazard, so irrelevant, so impossible is the manner of construction. It is possible for one distinctly sophisticated in the matter of dressmaking to spend days reconstructing one of these French blouses to a wearable condition. I have found this to be a universal experience among American women of moderate means living in Paris.

Another pretty fallacy is that about the cheap hand-made garments and lingerie. While hand embroidery is inexpensive in France, the articles themselves, if bought in a shop or made by the average dressmaker, come apart in a different seam at each wearing, and the shops are so badly lighted that it is often impossible to know the condition of an article before it is taken home. A very definite discomfort, by the way, of shopping in Paris is the extent to which one is knocked and buffeted about by the unwieldy crowd of shoppers and the clerks who, in accordance with the French custom, must escort each customer with each purchase to a desk for payment. The shocking roughness with which articles are handled is another annoyance. The number of times a dainty white object will be crushed, trailed on the floor and drawn through the anything but immaculate hands of the male clerk on its way to the pay desk is most disconcerting to the American sensibilities.

And this recalls that other oft-repeated sentence about the cleanness of Parisian streets. It is true that Paris has an excellent sewerage system, but the habits of the people are so incurably unsanitary that in all the side streets, except in the most expensive residence districts, and on the majority of the boulevards, the odors are most unpleasant, and the condition of the side streets is such as the American associates with a tenement neighborhood.

Another belief of long standing is that in the French courtesy and the finished Parisian manners. The French

(Concluded on Page 29)

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

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CHAPTER XIX

PORTLAW'S camp in the southern foothills of the Adirondacks was as much a real camp as the pretentious constructions at Newport are real cottages. An oily modesty, akin to smugness, designates them all with Heeplike humbleness under a nomenclature now tolerated through usage; and, from the photographs sent him, Hamil was very much disgusted to find a big, handsome two-story house, solidly constructed of timber and native stone, dominating a clearing in the woods, and distantly flanked by the superintendent's pretty cottage, the guides' quarters, stables, kennels, coach-houses and hot-houses, with various auxiliary buildings still farther away within the sombre circle of the surrounding pines.

To this aggravation of elaborate structures Portlaw, in a spasm of modesty, had given the name of "Camp Chickadee"; and now he wanted to stultify the remainder of his domain with concrete terraces, bridges, lodges and Gothic towers in various and pleasing stages of ruin.

So Hamil's problem presented itself as one of those annoyingly simple ones, entirely dependent upon Portlaw and good taste; and Portlaw had none.

He had, however, some thirty thousand acres of woods and streams and lakes fenced in with a twelve-foot barrier of cattle-proof wire—partly a noble virgin wilderness unmarred by man-trails; partly composed of lovely second growth scarcely scarred by that vile spoor which is the price Nature pays for the white-hided invaders who walk erect, when not too drunk, and who foul and smear and stain and desolate water and earth and air around them.

Why Portlaw desired to cut his wilderness into a mincing replica of some emasculated British royal forest nobody seemed able to explain. While at Palm Beach he had made two sage observations to Hamil concerning the sacredness of trees; one was that there are no trees in a Scotch deer forest, which proved to his satisfaction that trees are unnecessary; the other embodied his memories of seeing a herd of calflike fallow deer decorating the grass under the handsome oaks and beeches of some British nobleman's park.

Why Portlaw concerned himself at all with his wild, out-world domain was a mystery, too; for he admitted that he spent almost all day playing cards indoors or contriving with this cook some new and succulent experiment in the gastronomical field.

Sometimes he cast a leaden eye outdoors when his dogs were exercised from the kennel; rarely, and always unwillingly, he followed Malcourt to the hatchery to watch the "stripping," or to the exotic pheasantry to inspect the breeding of birds entirely out of place in such a climate.

He did like to see a fat deer, the fatter the better; he was accustomed, too, to poke his thumb into the dead plumage of a plump grouse when Malcourt's men laid out the braces, on which he himself never drew trigger, and which interested him only when on the table.

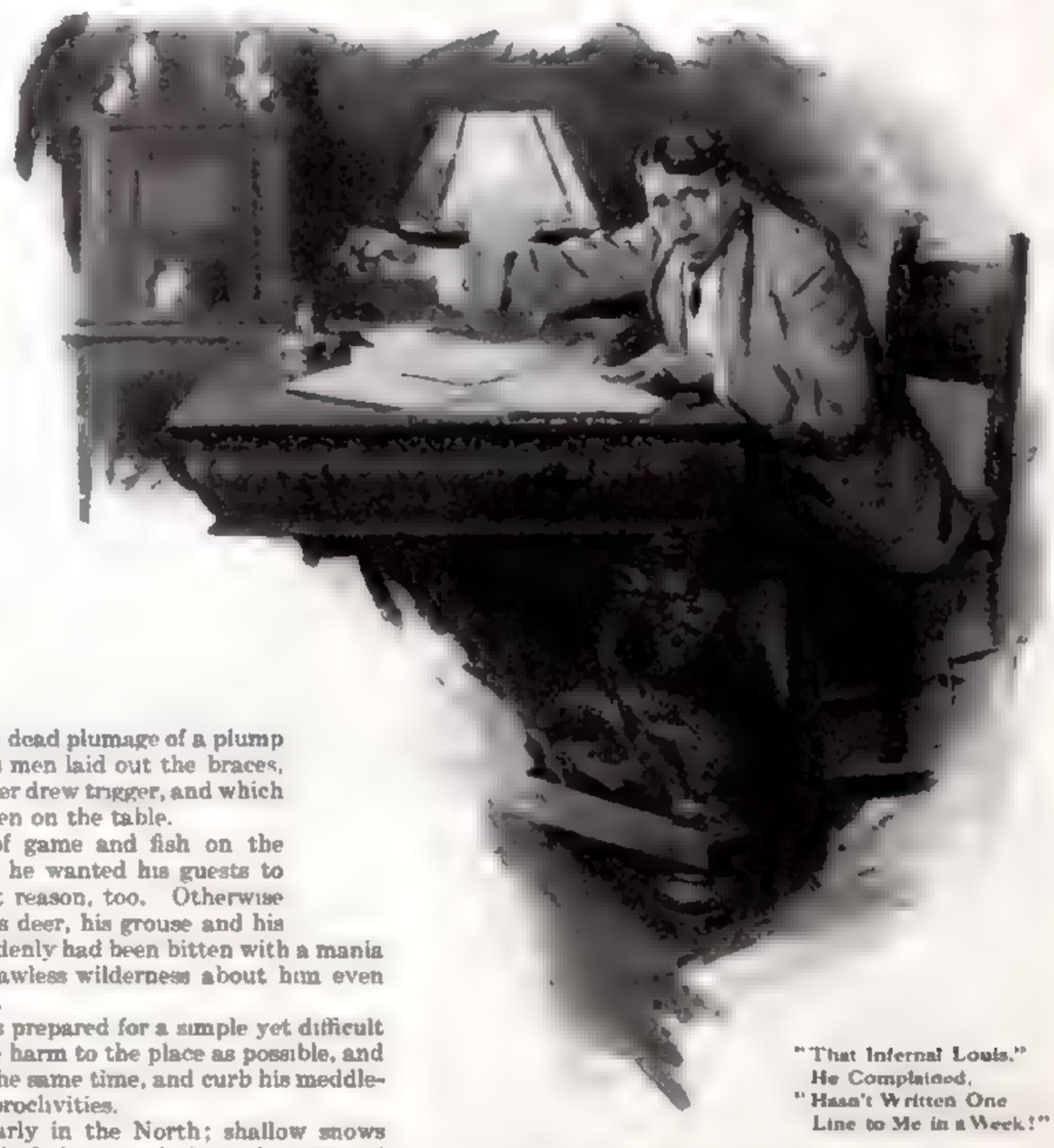
He wanted plenty of game and fish on the place for that reason; he wanted his guests to shoot and fish for that reason, too. Otherwise he cared nothing for his deer, his grouse and his trout. And why he suddenly had been bitten with a mania for "improving" the flawless wilderness about him even Malcourt did not know.

Hamil, therefore, was prepared for a simple yet difficult problem—to do as little harm to the place as possible, and to appease Portlaw at the same time, and curb his meddlesome and iconoclastic proclivities.

Spring had begun early in the North; shallow snows were fading from the black forest soil along the streams' edges and from the pebbled shores of every little lake; already the soft ice was afloat on pool and pond; musk-rats swam; the eggs of the woodcock were beginning their chilly incubation, and in one sheltered springhole behind the greenhouse Malcourt discovered a solemn frog afloat. It takes only a single frog to make the springtime.

That week the trailing fragrance of arbutus hung over wet hollows along the hills; and at night, high in the starlight, the thrilling clangor of wild geese rang out—the truest sky-music of the North among all the magic folk-songs of the Wild.

The anchor-ice let go and went out early, and a few pioneer trout jumped that week; the cock-grouse, magnificent in his exquisite puffed ruff, paced the black-wet drumming log, and the hollow woodlands throbbed all day with his fairy drumming.



"That Infernal Louis," He Complained, "Hasn't Written One Line to Me in a Week!"

On hardwood ridges every sugar-bush ran sap; the aroma from fire and kettle sweetened the air; a few battered, hibernating butterflies crawled out of cracks and crannies and sat on the sap-pans sunning their scarlet-banded wings.

And out of the hot South into the fading silver of this chill Northern forest-world came Hamil, sunburned, sombre-eyed, silent.

Malcourt met him at Pride's Fall with a buckboard and a pair of half-broken little Morgans; and away they tore into the woods, scrambling uphill, plunging downhill, running away most of the time to the secret satisfaction of Malcourt, who cared particularly for what was unsafe in life

He looked sideways at Hamil once or twice, and, a trifle disappointed that the pace seemed to suit him, let the little horses out.

"Bad thing to meet a logging team," he observed.

"Yes," said Hamil absently. So Malcourt let the horses run away when they cared to; they needed it and he enjoyed it. Besides, there were never any logging teams on that road.

Malcourt inquired politely concerning the Villa Cardross and its occupants; Hamil answered in generalities.

"You've finished there, then?"

"Practically. I may go down in the autumn to look it over once more."

"Is Cardross going to put in the Schwarzwald pigs?"

"Yes; they're ordered."

"Portlaw wants some here. I'd give ten dollars, poor as I am, if I could get Portlaw out in the snow and fully occupied with an irritated boar."

"Under such circumstances one goes up a tree?" inquired Hamil, smiling.

"One does if one is not too fat and can shed snow-shoes fast enough. Otherwise, one keeps on shooting one's 45-70. By the way, you were in New York for a day or two. How's the market?"

"Sagging."

"Money?"

"Scarce. I saw Mr. Cardross and Acton Carrick. Nobody seems enthusiastic over the prospect. While there are no loans being called there are few being made. I heard rumors, of course; a number of banks and trust companies are getting themselves whispered about. Outside of that I don't know, Malcourt, because I haven't much money, and what I have is on deposit with the Shoshone Securities Company, pending a chance for some safe and attractive investment."

"That's Cardross, Carrick & Co?"

"Yes." And as they whirled into the clearing and the big, handsome house came into view he smiled: "Is this Camp Chickadee?"

"Yes, and yonder's my cottage on Luckless Lake—a nice name," added Malcourt, "but Portlaw says it's safer to leave the name as it stands than to provoke the gods with boastful optimism by changing it to Lucky Lake. Oh, it's a gay region; Lake Desolation lies just beyond that spur; Lake Eternity east of us; Little Scalp Lake west—a fine bunch of names for a landscape in hell; but Portlaw won't change them. West and south the wet bones of the Sacandaga lie; and southeast you're up against the Great Vlaie and Frenchman's Creek and Sir William's remains, from Guy Park on the Mohawk to the Fish House, and all that bally Revolutionary tommy-rot." And as he blandly drew in his horses beside the porch: "Look who's here! Who but our rotund friend and lover of all things fat, lord of the manor of Chickadee-dee-dee, which he has taught the neighboring dicky-birds, who sit around the house, to repeat aloud in honor of ——"

"For Heaven's sake, Louis! How are you, Hamil?" grunted Portlaw, extending a heavily-cushioned, highly-colored hand of welcome.

Hamil and Malcourt descended; a groom blanketed the horses and took them to the stables, and Portlaw, with a large gesture of impatient hospitality, led the way into a great, warm living-room, snug, deeply and softly padded, and in which the fragrance of burning birch-logs and simmering toddy blended agreeably in the sunshine.

"For luncheon," began Portlaw with animation, "we're going to try a new sauce on that pair of black ducks they brought in ——"

"In violation of the laws of game and decency," observed Malcourt, shedding his fur coat and unstrapping the mail-satchel from Pride's Fall.

"*Shut* up, Louis! Can't a man eat the things that come into his own property?" And he continued unfolding to Hamil his luncheon program, while, with a silver toddy-stick, heirloom from bibulous generations of Portlaws, he stirred the steaming concoction which, he explained, had been constructed after the great Sir William's own receipt.

"You've never tried a Molly Brant toddy? Man alive, you've wasted your youth," he insisted, genuinely grieved. "Well, wise men and sachems, here's more hair on your scalp-locks and a fat buck to every bow!"

Malcourt picked up his glass. "*Okoh!*" he said maliciously; but Portlaw did not understand the irony in the Seminole salutation of The Black Drink; and the impudent toast was swallowed without suspicion.

Then Hamil's luggage arrived, and he went away to inspect his quarters, prepare for luncheon, and exchange his attire for forest dress. For he meant to lose no time in the waste corners of the earth when Gotham town might any day suddenly bloom like Eden with the one young blossom that he loved.

There was not much for him in Eden now—little enough except to be in her vicinity, near her at times, at intervals with her long enough to exchange a word or two under the smooth mask of convention which leaves even the eyes brightly expressionless.

Never again to touch her hand save under the formal laws sanctioned by usage; never again to wake with the intimate fragrance of her memory on his lips; never again to wait for the scented dusk to give them to each other—to hear her frail gown's rustle on the terrace, her footfall in the midnight corridor, her far, sweet hail to him from the surf, her soft laughter under the roses on the moonlit balcony.

That—all of it—was forever ended. But he believed that the pallid northern phantom of the past was still left to him. He supposed that now, at least, they might miserably consider themselves beyond peril.

But what man supposes of woman is vain imagining; and in that shadowy, neutral ground which lies between martyrdom and sin no maid dwells for very long before she crosses one frontier or the other.

When he descended the stairs once more he found Portlaw surrounded by the contents of the mail-sack and in a very bad temper, while Malcourt stood warming his back at the blazing birch-logs, and staring rather stupidly at a folded telegram in his hands.

"Well, Hamil, what do you think of that!" demanded Portlaw, turning to Hamil as he entered the room; and, unheeding Malcourt's instinctive gesture of caution which he gave, not comprehending why he gave it, Portlaw went on, fairly pouting out his irritation:

"In that bally mail-sack which Louis brought in from Pride's Fall there's a telegram from your friend, Neville Cardross; and why the devil he wants Louis to come to New York on the jump ——"

"I have a small balance at the Shoshone Trust," said Malcourt. "Do you suppose there's anything queer about the company?"

Hamil shook his head, looking curiously at Malcourt.

"Well, what on earth do you think Cardross wants with you?" demanded Portlaw. "Read that telegram again."

Again Malcourt's instinct seemed to warn him to silence. All the same, with a glance at Hamil, he unfolded the bit of yellow paper and read:

"Louis Malcourt,

"Superintendent Luckless Lake, Adirondacks.

"Your presence is required at my office in the Shoshone Securities Building on a matter of most serious and instant importance. Telegraph what train you can catch. Mr. Carrick will meet you on the train at Albany.

"Neville Cardross.

"Answer Paid."

"Well, what the devil does it mean?" demanded Portlaw peevishly. "I can't spare you now. How can I? Here's Hamil all ready for you to take him about and show him what I want to have done ——"

"I wonder what it means," mused Malcourt. "Maybe there's something wrong with the Treesilvain end of the family. The Shoshone Securities people manage her investments here ——"

"The way to do is to wire and find out," grumbled Portlaw, leading the way to the luncheon-table as a servant announced that function.

For it was certainly a function with Portlaw; all eating was more or less of a ceremony, and dinner rose to the dignity of a rite.

"I can't imagine what that telegram ——"

"Forget it!" snapped Portlaw; "do you want to infect my luncheon? When a man lunches he ought to give his entire mind to it. Talk about your lost arts!—the art of eating scarcely survives at all. Find it again, and you revive that other lost art of prandial conversation. Digestion's not possible without conversation. Hamil, you look at your claret in a funny way."

"I was admiring the color where the sun strikes through," said the latter, amused.

"Oh! I thought you were remembering that claret is temporarily unfashionable. That's part of the degeneracy of the times. There never was and never will be any wine to equal it when it has the body of a Burgundy and the bouquet of wild-grape blossoms. Louis," cocking his heavy red face and considering a morsel of duck, "what is your opinion concerning the proper mélange for that plumcot salad dressing?"

"They say," said Malcourt gravely, "that when it's mixed, a current of electricity passed through it gives it a most astonishing flavor ——"

"What!"

"So they say at the Stuyvesant Club."

Portlaw's eyes bulged; Hamil had to bend his head low over his plate, but Malcourt's bland impudence remained unperturbed.

"Electricity!" muttered Portlaw. "Hamil, did you ever hear of passing electricity through a salad dressing composed of olive oil, astragon, Arequipa pepper, salt, Samara mustard, essence of anchovy, chives, distilled fresh mushrooms, truffles pickled in 1840 port—*did* you?"

"No," said Hamil, "I never did."

For a while silence settled upon the table while Portlaw struggled to digest mentally the gastronomic suggestion offered by Malcourt.

"I could send to town for a battery," he said hesitatingly; "or—there's my own electric plant ——"

Malcourt yawned. There was not much fun in exploiting such a man. Besides, Hamil had turned uncomfortable, evidently considering it the worst of taste on Malcourt's part.

"What am I to do about that telegram?" he asked, lighting a cigarette.

Portlaw, immersed in sauce and the electrical problem, adjusted his mind with an effort to this other and less amusing question.

"Wire for particulars and sit tight," advised Portlaw. "We've just three now for 'Preference,' and if you go kiting off to town Hamil and I will be forced unto double dummy, and that's a horrible mental strain on a man—isn't it, Hamil?"

"I *could* use the long-distance telephone," said Malcourt pensively.

"Well, for the love of Mike go and do it!" shouted Portlaw, "and let me try to enjoy this Andelys cheese."

So Malcourt sauntered out through the billiard-room, leaving an aromatic trail of cigarette smoke in his wake; and he closed all the intervening doors—why, he himself could not have explained.

He was absent a long time. Portlaw had terminated the table ceremony, and now, ensconced among a dozen fat cushions by the fire, a plump cigar burning fragrantly between his curiously clean-cut and sharply chiseled lips, he sat enthroned, majestically digesting; and his face of a Greek hero, marred by heavy flesh, had become almost somnolent in its expression of wellbeing and corporeal contentment.

"I don't know what I'd do without Louis," he said sleepily. "He keeps my men hustling, he answers for everything on the bally place, he's so infernally clever that he amuses me and my guests, he's on the job every minute. It would be devilishly unpleasant for me if I lost him. . . . And I'm always afraid of it. . . . There are usually a lot of receptive girls making large eyes at him. . . . My only safety is that they are so many—and so easy. . . . If Cardross hadn't signed that telegram I'd bet my hunting boots it concerned some entanglement."

Hamil lay back in his chair and studied the forest through the leaded casement. Sometimes he thought of Portlaw's perverse determination to spoil the magnificent simplicity of the place with exotic effects lugged in by the ears; sometimes he wondered what Mr. Cardross could have to say to Malcourt—what matter of such urgent importance could possibly concern those two men.

And, thinking, he thought of Shiela—and of their last moments together; thought of her as he had left her, crouched there on her knees beside the bed, her face and head buried in her crossed arms.

Portlaw was nodding drowsily over his cigar; the April sunshine streamed into the room through every leaded pane, inlaying the floor with glowing diamonds; dogs barked from the distant kennels; cocks were crowing from the farm. Outside the window he saw how the lilac's dully varnished buds had swollen and where the prophecy of snowdrop and crocus under the buckthorn hedge might be fulfilled on the morrow. Already over the green-brown, soaking grass one or two pioneer grackle were walking busily about; and somewhere in a near tree the first robin chirked and chirped and fussed in its loud and familiar fashion, only partly pleased to find himself in the gray thaw of the scarcely comfortable North once more.

Portlaw looked up dully. "Those robins come up here and fatten on our fruit, and a fool law forbids us to shoot 'em. Robin pie," he added, "is not to be despised, but a sentimental legislature is the limit. . . . Sentiment always did bore me. . . . How do you feel after your luncheon?"

"All right," said Hamil, smiling. "I'd like to start out as soon as Malcourt comes back."

"Oh, don't begin that sort of thing the moment you get here!" protested Portlaw. "My Heavens, man! there's no hurry. Can't you smoke a cigar and play a card or two ——"

"You know I've other commissions ——"

"Oh, of course; but I hoped you'd have time to take it easy. I've looked forward to having you here—so has Malcourt; he thinks you're about right, you know. And he makes few friends among men ——"

The door opened and Malcourt entered slowly, almost noiselessly. There was not a vestige of color in his face,

nor of expression, as he crossed the room for a match and relighted his cigarette.

"Well?" inquired Portlaw, "did you get Cardross on the wire?"

"Yes."

Malcourt stood motionless, hands in his pockets, the cigarette smoke curling up blue in the sunshine.

"I've got to go," he said.

"What for?" demanded Portlaw, then sulkily begged pardon and pouted his dissatisfaction in silence.

"When do you go, Malcourt?" asked Hamil, still wondering.

"Now." He lifted his head but looked across at Portlaw. "I've telephoned the stable, and called up Pride's Fall to flag the five-thirty express," he said.

Portlaw was growing madder and madder.

"Would you mind telling me when you expect to be back?" he inquired ill-temperedly.

"I don't know yet."

"Don't know!" burst out Portlaw.

Malcourt shook his head.

Portlaw profanely requested information as to how the place was to be kept going. Malcourt was patient with him to the verge of indifference.

"There's nothing to blow up about. Hastings is competent to manage things——"

"That conceited pup!"

"Hastings understands," repeated Malcourt, in a listless voice. "I've always counted on Alexander Hastings for any emergency. He knows things, and he's capable. . . . Only don't be brusque. He doesn't understand you as I do . . . and he's fully your equal—fully—in every way—and then some——" The weariness in his tone was close to a sneer; he dropped his cigarette in the fire and began to roll another.

"Louis," said Portlaw, frightened.

"Well?"

"What is the meaning of all this? You *are* coming back, aren't you?"

Malcourt continued to roll his cigarette, but after a while he spoiled it and began to construct another

"*Are* you, Louis?"

"What?"

"Coming back here—soon?"

"If I—if it's the thing to do. I don't know yet. You mustn't press the matter now."

"You think there's a chance that you won't come back at *all!*" exclaimed Portlaw, aghast.

Malcourt's cigarette fell to pieces in his fingers.

"I'll come if I can, Billy. I tell you to let me alone. . . . I don't know where I am coming out yet."

"If it's money you need, you know perfectly well——"

But Malcourt shook his head. From the moment of his entrance he had kept his face carefully averted from Hamil's view; had neither looked at him nor spoken except in monosyllabic answer to a single question.

The rattle of the buckboard on the wet gravel drive brought Portlaw to his feet. A servant appeared with Malcourt's suitcase and overcoat.

"There's a trunk to follow; Williams is to pack what I need. . . . Good-by, Billy. I wouldn't go if I didn't have to."

Portlaw took his offered hand as though dazed.

"You'll come back, of course," he said, "in a couple of days—or a week if you like—but you'll be back, of course. You know if there's anything the matter with your salary just say so. I always meant you should feel perfectly free to fix your salary to suit yourself. Only be sure to come back in a week, won't you!"

"Good-by," said Malcourt in a low voice. "I'd like to talk to Hamil—if he can give me a few moments."

Bareheaded, Hamil stepped out into the clear, crisp, April sunshine where the buckboard stood on the gravel.

The strong outdoor light emphasized Malcourt's excessive pallor, and the hand he offered Hamil was icy. Then his nervous grasp relaxed; he drew on his dog-pelt driving gloves and buttoned the fur coat to the throat.

"I want you—to—to remember—remember that I always liked you," he said with an effort, in curious contrast to his habitual fluency. "You won't believe it—some day But it is true. . . . Perhaps I'll prove it, yet. . . . My father used to say that everything except death had been proven; and there remained, therefore, only one event of any sporting interest to the world. . . He was a very interesting man—my father. He did not believe in death. . . . And I do not. . . . This sloughing off of the material integument seems to me purely a matter of the mechanical routine of evolution, a natural process in further and inevitable development, not a finality to individualism! . . . Fertilization, gestation, the hatching, growth, the episodic deliverance from encasing matter which is called death, seem to me only the first few basic steps in the sequences of an endless metamorphosis. . . . My father thought so. His was a very fine mind—*is* a finer mind still. . . . Will you understand me if I say that we often communicate with each other—my father and I?"

"Communicate?" repeated Hamil.

"Often."

Hamil said slowly: "I don't think I understand."

Malcourt looked at him, the ever-latent mockery flickering in his eyes; then, by degrees, his head bent forward in the old half-cunning, half-wistful attitude as though listening. A vague smile touched the pallor of his face, and he presently looked up with something of his old debonair impudence.

"Wire for Particulars and Sit Tight," Advised Portlaw

"The truly good are always so interested in creating hell for the wicked," he said, "that sometimes the good get into the pit themselves just to see how hot it really is. And find the wicked have never been there. . . . Hamil, the hopelessly wicked—and there are few of them who are not mentally irresponsible—never go to hell, because they wouldn't mind it if they did. It's the good who are hell's architects and often its tenants. . . . I'm speaking of all prisoners of conscience. The wicked have none.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"There's always an exit from one of these temporary little pits of torment," he said, "when one finds it too oppressive in the shade. . . . When one obtains a proper perspective, and retains one's sense of humor, and enough of conscience to understand the crime of losing time. . . . And when, in correct perspective, one realizes the fictitious value of that temporary phase called the human unit, and when one cuts free from the absurd dogma concerning the dignity and the sanctity of that human unit. . . . I'm keeping you from your cigar and armchair and from Portlaw. . . . A good, kindly gossip, who fed my belly and filled my purse and loved me for the cards I played. I'm a yellow pup to mock him. I'm a pup, anyhow. . . . But, Hamil, there is, in the worst pup, one streak not all yellow. And the very worst are capable of one friendship. You may not believe this some day. But it is true. . . . Good-by."

"Is there anything, Malcourt——"

"Nothing you can do for me. Perhaps something I can do for you——" And, laughing, "I'll consult my father; he's not very definite on that point yet."

So Malcourt swung aboard the wagon, nodded again to Hamil, waved a pleasant adieu to Portlaw at the window, and was gone in a shower of wet gravel and mud.

And all that day Portlaw fussed and fumed and pouted about the house, tormenting Hamil with questions and speculations concerning the going of Malcourt, which for a while struck Hamil merely as selfish ebullitions; but later it came to him by degrees that this rich, selfish, overfed, overpampered and revolting idle landowner, whose sole mental and physical resources were confined to the dinner and card tables, had been capable of a genuine friendship for Malcourt. Self-centred, cautious to the verge of meanness in everything which did not directly concern his own comfort and wellbeing, he, nevertheless, was totally dependent upon his friends for a full enjoyment of his two amusements; for he hated to dine alone and he loathed solitaire.

Therefore, in spending money to make his house and grounds attractive to his friends he was ministering, as always, to himself; and when he first took Malcourt for his superintendent he did so from purely selfish motives and at a beggarly stipend.

And now, in the two years of his official tenure, Malcourt already completely dominated him, often bullied him, criticised him to his face, betrayed no illusions concerning the absolute self-interest which dictated Portlaw's policy in all things, coolly fixed and regulated all salaries, including his own, and, in short, matched Portlaw's undisguised selfishness with a cynicism so frankly ruthless that Portlaw gradually formed for him a real attachment.

There was no indiscriminate generosity in that attachment; he never voluntarily increased Malcourt's salary or decreased his responsibilities; he got out of his superintendent every bit of labor and every bit of amusement he

(Continued on Page 25)

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The Convention Fight

THE passions of a historic deliberative assembly were once stirred by the question: What sort of hats shall the commoners wear? Conservatism felt that if Commonalty's hat were cocked in a certain manner, Church, King, State, Property, Order, Ostrich Feathers, Truffles, Shoe-Buckles and all the advance from a savage state which mankind had toilfully won would be imperiled. Commonalty was convinced that, if it couldn't have a bit of a cock to its hat, chains and destruction awaited it. Perhaps both were right.

The grand contest at the Republican National Convention was over a plank asserting, in effect, that courts must be careful about issuing injunctions in labor cases. With Uncle Joe ably discharging the duties of a House of Representatives, and the Senate quite cautiously inclined, no really subversive legislation is likely to proceed from this plank in the near future.

It was, indeed, the question of a more or less cocked hat. Whig and Tory, bound to join issues somewhere, happened to clash over that particular plank. Such victory as there was remained with Whig. Tory, at least, could not maintain his ground; perceiving which, he gracefully acquiesced in tariff revision, postal savings-banks and Federal supervision of railroad-stock issues.

The net result dissatisfies Speaker Cannon on the one hand and Senator LaFollette on the other in about equal degree.

When it comes to the really cardinal doctrine that it is better to have a Republican President than a Democratic President, the Grand Old Party will present a united and enthusiastic front to the enemy.

The Expectant Vacuum

IN 1896, 1900, 1904 and 1908 the Republican National Convention played about the same rôle in the matter of naming a candidate for President that the Electoral College does in selecting the President. In 1900, 1904 and 1908 there was small doubt beforehand as to whom the Democrats would name. In 1908 the principal planks of the Republican platform were given out, substantially as adopted, before the august Committee on Resolutions met; and no skilled political reporter would have deemed himself likely to guess far wrong as to the chief Democratic declarations.

Thus it appears that the real business of a national convention is to choose a candidate for Vice-President. Politicians regard the national convention as an institution very essential to party life. It should, therefore, have a more interesting function to perform.

At every convention some innocent citizen must sacrifice himself upon the obscure altar of the Vice-Presidency. The efforts to escape made by prominent eligibles are often quite pathetic, and the final spectacle, when the roped victim is led forward with frozen smile and glassy eye, puts a wet blanket on an otherwise felicitous day of adjournment.

This matter affects both parties alike. Whether the Government should be "democratic" or "republican"—meaning whether the people should act upon political affairs directly or through chosen representatives—was warmly debated before there was a Government. In practice it has grown more democratic, even Presidents and Senators being now chosen by popular vote. The intervention of a representative nominating organization will not be long tolerated unless it can find other than a merely sacrificial duty to do. We should like to see a joint national convention of Republicans and Democrats to devise a plan for making the Vice-Presidency something more than a vacuum slightly flavored with expectancy.

Is Patriotism Waning?

A TINY Associated Press dispatch, dated Boston, June 17, and printed in fine type under the report of the produce market, says: "The observance of the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill to-day was confined almost entirely to sporting events."

Which naturally again raises the question, troublous to some virtuous minds, whether patriotism is declining.

Our answer is in the negative. What has happened, we think, is that as a nation we have got shorter of wind or of the power of physical endurance. Time was, within the memory of men not wholly senile, when the principal event of a Fourth of July celebration in a typical American town was the Oration of the Day—a long, stodgy, empty oration, with whatever was good in it not original, and whatever original not good. Americans would still strike for home and native land; but nowadays would conserve their nervous energy so as to be able to do so. An army treated to such exercises in patriotism as alone seem satisfactory to some virtuous minds would not have strength enough left to fight.

Every American is still proud of the tradition of Bunker Hill—albeit having a vague notion that the battle didn't really occur there, but somewhere in the next township, and being more or less in the dark as to which side won and what particular military results ensued. It is enough to know, in a general way, that it was a stroke for Liberty—which means, precisely, freedom to amuse one's self, on a pleasant June day, with sporting events. If it meant a moral compulsion to participate in dull, oratorical patriotic ceremonies, we should be sorry, for our part, that they didn't cut out that battle.

When the "Rulers" Met

EVERYBODY agrees that the meeting, at Reval, between the monarchs of England and Russia was an important and auspicious event.

"I am overjoyed," said the Czar, "to find myself here. It is the first time in four years that I have intrusted myself to a railroad train. The fact that the train arrived intact encourages me to speak for the Russian people with somewhat greater confidence. I earnestly desire peace between our empires, and, if my empire does not throw me out, to promote that object shall be my chief concern. My desire for peace between our august selves has been considerably strengthened by the unfortunate loss of my navy and a state of my exchequer which renders any minatory movement along the Indian frontier quite out of the question. The great and admirable nation which has the felicity to be ruled by you has been saying exceedingly nasty things of me of late years. But let bygones be bygones."

"Your Majesty's desire for peace between our respective countries," King Edward replied, "fully accords with my own ardent wish; and if I had any political influence in the country which you politely describe as being ruled by me, I should certainly exert it for the strengthening of those ties of good will which bind our empires. Nothing, I flatter myself, could exceed the good will with which your beloved country saw my beloved country beaten by the Boers, unless it were the good will with which my country witnessed the discomfiture of your country at the hands of Japan. Let us drink to each other's good health, as that is the only possession which either of us can enjoy without the consent of Parliament on the one hand or the support of a standing army on the other."

The regal toasts were somewhat differently reported by cable; but that is what they really amounted to.

Argument With a Gong

THAT Premier Asquith has been "heckled" into a resigned and receptive attitude toward female suffrage is a fact of much significance. Two years ago, certainly, such an attitude on the part of a Prime Minister would have struck the average Britisher with amazement. But the movement possessed an element of strength which the average Britisher did not take into account—that is, its advocates, being of the softer sex, were practically immune from arrest.

Strategetically taking advantage of this circumstance, the argument proceeded largely by a method called "heckling"—about as follows:

"Friends and fellow-citizens," the Governmental speaker began impressively, "I stand before you to discuss some of the most momentous issues that——"

At which juncture a lady suffragist arose in the bald-headed row and vigorously swung a large brass bell, beat a gong or set off strings of firecrackers; while the Governmental speaker stood looking like an ass and trying not to have a fit.

When a deputation recently waited upon Mr. Asquith, the Premier—nervously looking for the bell—hastened to say that he personally would interpose no obstacles to a suffrage bill. Nerves which would face a battery unruffled will finally give way before a loud, harsh, persistent noise. During the Republican Convention, our own best heckler, Mr. Lawson, of Boston, appeared with his famous brass bell. It was noted that for twenty-four hours thereafter perfectly sober statesmen would start from their chairs and utter faint gasps of dismay at every unusual sound.

Revolutionary Prospects

WILL the Socialists achieve their ardent hope of polling a million votes in November? Their vote rose from eighty-eight thousand in 1900 to four hundred thousand in 1904, so the figure should be nearer two million this fall if there is any virtue in a ratio. Their platform is immediate Government relief to all unemployed; collective ownership of all land, transportation utilities and trusts; income tax; female suffrage; abolition of the Senate, and a large curtailment of the Supreme and lesser courts are salient planks; while absence of "straddles" is a salient feature.

This is revolutionary, of course, but in a rather conservative manner, as Socialists look at it. Government aid to the needy, government ownership of transportation, female suffrage and abolition of the House of Lords are familiar and quite respectable principles in England, for example; while English courts have never had power to set aside an Act of Parliament. That plank which declares for collective ownership of all land would raise large and stubborn doubts in the mind of American farmers; but as very few farmers will ever hear of it, the point is immaterial.

The chances for a million votes looked bright last winter, but seem somewhat less promising now—when the number of idle hands is decreasing, the industrial outlook improving and the crops are doing well. As a rule, that revolution which can prosper on three square meals a day must be mild indeed. It was M. Peter Baille who reported cheerfully, during the French Revolution, "All goes well here; food is not to be had."

The Pioneer's Pay

THE allegation that La Salle's will has been found is quite as interesting as though it were indubitably true. Commercially, of course, the document is unimportant. The territory in Canada and Illinois which the instrument purports to devise has long since been disposed of in a quite different manner.

No other explorer of the New World stands higher in achievement than La Salle. His path led from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi. His reward consisted of incredible toil, persistent hardship, continual disappointment, and, finally, an assassin's bullet.

Being an actual explorer and pioneer he might have saved himself the trouble of making a will. He should have known that what the man who goes first in any human walk commonly leaves is his bones—over which later and thriftier comers will dutifully raise a monument. Being invited to participate in an untried venture, Mr. Carnegie is said to have declared that "Pioneering don't pay."

The material reward lies not in tracking the wilderness, but in tracking the pioneer. This does not agree with statements that you will find in the biographies of many leading citizens; but it is true.

A Cause of Impatience

IT WILL be recalled that the Hepburn, or Railroad Rate, Act was passed in June, 1906; and in June, 1908, a suit to test the "commodity" clause of that act was taken up before the United States Circuit Court in Philadelphia. This clause declares, among other things, that railroads shall not own coal mines. Seven railroads do, as is well known, own a considerable portion of all the anthracite coal mines in the country. They have done nothing, in the two years since the passage of the act, to divest themselves of that ownership, because they didn't know whether the law was really a law or only waste paper. The Circuit Court, of course, cannot settle that point. Whatever its opinion may be, there will be an appeal to the Supreme Court; and about three years, or possibly four, after the act was passed, the roads will know whether or not they have to obey it, and proceed to govern themselves accordingly. The act itself, in one form or another, was before Congress more than a year, and earnestly pondered and debated in both Houses.

We do not really sympathize with the enthusiastic but futile attempts made by several States to fence off their railroad and other affluent corporations from the Federal courts. But in view of the enormous and prolonged effort that is required to get an affluent corporation, blessed with an able legal department, to take the bit in the shape of a law which doesn't suit its taste, we can understand how people become peevish and desire to use a club.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The Ticketless Tail

REALLY, it must be quite a bore, getting a salary of a million dollars a year. Think of walking up to the cashier on the first of every month and drawing down an envelope with $83,333.33⅓ in it, a lot of odd money and loose change that would perplex anybody. And what could a man do with $83,333.33⅓, anyhow? It isn't enough to give away libraries and hero medals on, and it's too much to invest in automobiles and show ladies.

Apparently, John Hays Hammond, who gets, or got or something, a million a year, is bored, or was, rather, for all of a sudden he emitted a hoarse shout of: "What's the use? The simple life for mine," and began clamoring to be Vice-President, which is a better job than the one he had, in a way, inasmuch as it pays an even thousand a month, a sum that can be handled comfortably and without undue ostentation. Just what other reason Mr. Hammond had for wanting to be Vice-President is not clear, unless, indeed, he wanted to be because he wanted to be. Things have been coming very easily and regularly for him for some time, and, probably, when he heard there was a job called the Vice-Presidency he thought he might as well take it over. It's lucky he didn't think of the Presidency first. That *would* have upset all our plans.

It has been a long time since a man with a salary of a billion dollars a year—no; a million—these sums are so confusing—aspired to be Vice-President. To be sure, a few men who had that much have been Number Two on the ticket. There was Hobart and Levi P. Morton and, once, Whitelaw Reid took a shy at it, but, unfortunately, while he was shying the voters were shy, but you can put it down for a fact that Adlai E. Stevenson had no trillion dollars a year—no million dollars, rather. Nor did Hendricks nor T. Roosevelt. So, when a man who gets a quintillion dollars a year—oh, well, there's no use trying to keep it straight—when such a man comes along there are bound to be bubbles in the political pot. And—speaking about bubbles—what was it they did to the John Hays Hammond Vice-Presidential boom out there in crass Chicago?

He Has the Last Word on Mines, Mining, Mineralogy, Mineralization and Minerva

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Everything was peaceful and quiet when John Hays came bounding to the fore. Frank Hitchcock had accumulated his little bunch of proxies and had provided for all the employees of the Taft Boom Headquarters in Washington, except Jimmie Williams, which was real mean, for Jimmie dearly desired to have a proxy for Gooseneck McDonald or some other Southern Republican patriot; the President was planning to go to South Africa and trace a few blood-sweating behemoths to their lairs, with the avowed intention of making them sweat more blood than was their regular custom; they had it all figured out for their man on the first ballot, had picked the temporary and permanent officers, written the platform on the banks of the Potomac, and were getting down to the question of the Vice-Presidency when John Hays Hammond took the weights off his safety-valve and asked, in a loud voice: "What's the matter with me?"

The way he did it was interesting. He turned a double flipflap through Secretary Taft's door one bright morning, landed on the desk and said: "Bill, I'm going to be nominated for Vice-President to run with you."

"Johnny," replied Taft, "who told you?"

"Oh," said Hammond, "I've been thinking of it for quite a spell. Got the idea this morning when I was at breakfast and have decided it's the thing to do."

That seemed to settle it. Whereupon Mr. Hammond's secretary and Mr. Hammond's close friend and Mr. Hammond's next closer friend and a few other friends—just friends—spread the glad tidings.

All of these friends of Mr. Hammond had pictures of Hammond in all the New York papers and long stories about his ad-ven-tu-rous, not to say adventitious, career.

"Boys," said the closest friend to the reporters, "Mr. Hammond is a candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket. Only man in the world, you know, who gets a million dollars a year."

What the Gasping Country Learned

"BUT," put in one of those fellows who always ask the wrong thing, "what does he know about Vice-Presidenting?"

"Why," exclaimed the closest friend, "didn't I just tell you he gets a million dollars a year?"

So the reporters trooped in to see Mr. Hammond. They found him at his desk, calm, alert, resourceful—sure, with a million a year—the finest type of a business man.

"Is it true, Mr. Hammond, that you are a candidate for Vice-President?" was asked.

"Me? Oh, certainly. Why, to be sure. Happened to think of it the other day, and here I am. Come in and see me when you are in Washington after the inauguration. Anything else I can do for you to-day? No; good-morning. By the way, get that right about the salary, won't you?"

Then the gasping country learned who it is who so honored the body politic. Up to that moment there had been some misapprehension. People in Iowa imagined Mr. Hammond was the man who invented a typewriter, and in Indiana they thought he was the chap who put up homœopathic medicine. All this misinformation was promptly dispelleed.

It was discovered that Mr. Hammond is, probably, the greatest mining expert the world has ever known. He is fully cognizant of mines, mining, mineralogy, mineralization and Minerva, having been fortunate enough to have a classical education.

The folks in the back districts began to recall, dimly, that a John Hays Hammond was mixed up, in some way, in the Jameson raid business, or was credited with being so mixed by Oom Paul when he was experting on some mines in South Africa. Of course that wasn't true, for a day or two after the Vice-Presidential affair was started it became known, leaked out accidentally, through one of the close friends who took the campaign in hand—clever politicians, too, although they hadn't discovered it before—that Mr. Hammond protested against the raid, had no part in it and said so at the time in clarion tones.

A Pretty Nifty Line of Language

STRANGE as it may seem, after the lapse of all these years the exact language used by Mr. Hammond on that thrilling occasion was remembered and quoted verbatim. This was the way of it: Mr. Hammond was in Johannesberg and joined the National Reform Committee of the Outlanders, who owned more than one-half of the land and more than nine-tenths of the capital. He joined in a political sense only. One night he attended a meeting of the committee at the house of Cecil Rhodes and learned, for the first time, a raid was contemplated.

That was enough. He arose and said, not without emotion, these immortal words: "I do not know what others may think of those instructions. I speak for myself when I tell you that not for all the wealth this land contains, not if you were to make me the absolute ruler of this country, would I have a hand in carrying out those instructions. I can pull a trigger to shoot down an oppressor, but I cannot, nay, I will not, be a party to a revolutionary intrigue. If I am going to take up arms under any flag that flag will be the glorious Stars and Stripes flying to-day over the ocean yonder, the banner of a free people who believe in revolution as a remedy for oppression, but who hate, with a Kaffir's hate, the rape of a free people's territory. Gentlemen, you can count me out."

Those are the very words as confided to the public by the close friend, and they still ring out even after all these years, ring out with that intense earnestness that characterizes the man, and, it may be said, that is a pretty nifty line of language for a candidate for Vice-President, take it by and large.

Well, Mr. Hammond did not join the raid, although Oom Paul pinched him, and after a time he came back to this country. Since then he has been Guggenheiming, mainly, getting his million a year.

The whole affair is merely another illustration of the odd truth that has been ground into so many other men. The fact that a man is the greatest mining expert in the country puts him nowhere in politics. Politicians are not miners. They are underminers. John Hays Hammond didn't mean anything to them. The curious part of it is that John Hays Hammond meant so much to John Hays Hammond.

It looks very much as if that million a year had given him a wrong viewpoint.

No Reason for Moving

WHEN Private John Allen, of Tupelo, Mississippi, was a member of the National Commission for the St. Louis Fair, he and Senator Carter, of Montana, also a member, visited Arkansas to stir up that State about having an exhibit at the fair.

They went to Little Rock when the legislature was in session, and the lawmakers, anxious to hear the famous wit, invited Allen to make a speech.

"You have a great State here," began Allen—"a great State contiguous to my own, Mississippi. I have often pondered over the fact that many Mississippi people have moved to Arkansas and have never discovered the reason why. We have many undeveloped resources in Mississippi, as many as you have here, and I cannot understand why our Mississippi people have moved over to Arkansas in such great numbers, especially as many of them would not have been convicted if they had stayed at home and stood trial."

Gone but Not Forgotten

TWO negroes stood in front of a florist's window in Washington, looking at a beautiful oleander that was on exhibition.

"My lan'," said one of them, "I done wisht I had 'nuff money ter buy dat flowah. I'd sho 'nuf send it to my wife over in New Yawk."

"If I had 'nuff money to buy it I'd sho 'nuff send it to my wife over in New Yawk, too," said the other negro.

"'Gwan, niggah; does your wife live in New Yawk?"

"She shorely does. Does your wife live in New Yawk?"

"Dat's de truf. She done lef' me three years ago."

"My wife done lef' me two years ago, too."

Dissolution and Distillation

A MAN who had made his fortune in the West returned to his boyhood home in Ohio to spend it.

"What's become of John Falvey?" he asked of some old friends he met at the hotel.

"Oh, he's dead. Drank himself to death. We buried him two years ago."

"Well, I declare. So old John is gone. And where is Jim Robinson? Is he dead, too?"

"Oh, yes; we buried him three years ago. He drank himself to death, too."

"You don't tell me. And where is old Peter Marean? Has he passed over?"

"Yes," said one of the home folks. "Old Peter has been gone about a year."

"You buried him a year ago. Well, well ——"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "We didn't bother to bury him. We just poured him back into the barrel."

Another Theodore

BEFORE the election of November, 1907, President Roosevelt was discussing prospects with some friends.

The talk fell on Ohio where, in Cleveland, Representative Burton was making the fight against Tom Johnson.

"How about Burton?" the President was asked, for there had been stories that he was urged to run by the President himself.

"Oh, Burton is all right," exclaimed the President. "I am sure he will win. I always did like Tom Burton."

The President instantly noticed a change in expression on the faces of his callers. "Is it possible," he said, "that I am mistaken in the name? Isn't he Tom Burton?"

"No, Mr. President," came solemnly from one of the group; "Mr. Burton's first name is Theodore."

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NO-O-DOR simply keeps you *naturally* sweet, clean, wholesome—cool and comfortable.

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Bobby's Illumination

John Burnit's Son Fools with Electric Lighting Politics and Electrocutes a Lot of Genuine Money

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Caught Ripley Below the Ear and Dropped Him Like a Beef

VI

THAT night, though rather preoccupied by the grave consequences that might ensue on this flat-footed defiance of Stone and his crowd, he went to the theatre with Jack Starlett and Jack's sister and mother. As they seated themselves he bowed gravely across the auditorium to Agnes and Aunt Constance Elliston, who, with "Uncle Dan," were entertaining a young woman relative from Savannah. He did not know how the others accepted his greeting; he only saw Agnes, and she smiled quite placidly at him, which was far worse than if she had tilted her head. Through two dreary, interminable acts he sat looking at the stage, trying to talk small talk with the Starletts and remaining absolutely miserable; but shortly after the beginning of the last act he was able to take quite a new and gleeful interest in life, for the young woman from Savannah came fluttering into the Elliston box, bearing in tow the beautiful and vivacious Mrs. Frank L. Sharpe!

Bobby turned his opera-glasses at once upon that box, and pressed Jack Starlett into service. Being thus attracted, the ladies of the Starlett box, mystified and unable to extract any explanation from the two gleeful men, were compelled, by force of circumstance and curiosity, also to opera-glass and lorgnette the sufferers.

Like the general into which he was developing, Bobby managed to meet Agnes face to face in the foyer after the show. Tears of mortification were in her eyes, but still she was laughing when he strode up to her and with masterful authority drew her arm beneath his own.

"Your carriage is too small for four," Bobby calmly told Mr. Elliston, and, excusing himself from the Starletts, deliberately conducted Agnes to a hansom. As they got well under way he observed:

"You will notice that I make no question of being seen in public with one who occupies a theatre box with the notorious Mrs. Sharpe."

"Bobby!" she protested. "Violet did not know. The Sharpes visited in Savannah. His connections down there are quite respectable, and no doubt Mrs. Sharpe, who is really clever, held herself very circumspectly."

"Fine!" said Bobby. "You will notice that I am quite willing to listen to you. Explain some more."

"Bobby!" she protested again, and then suddenly she bent forward and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

Bobby was astounded. She was actually crying! In a moment he had her in his arms, was pressing her head upon his shoulder, was saying soothing things to her with perfectly idiotic volubility. For an infinitesimally brief space Agnes yielded to that embrace, and then suddenly she straightened up in dismay.

"Good gracious, Bobby!" she exclaimed. "This hansom is all glass!"

He looked out upon the brilliantly lighted street with a reflex of her own consternation, but quickly found consolation.

"Well, after all," he reflected philosophically, "I don't believe anybody who saw me would blame me."

"You're a perfectly incorrigible Bobby," she laughed. "The only check possible to put upon you is to hold you rigidly to business. How are you coming out with the Brightlight Electric Company? I have been dying to ask you about it."

"I have a telephone in my office," he reminded her.

"I am completely ignoring that ungenerous suggestion," she replied.

"It wasn't sportsmanlike," he penitently admitted. "Well, the Brightlight Electric is still making money, and Johnson has stopped leaks to the amount of at least twenty thousand dollars a year, which will permit us to keep up the ten per cent. dividends, even with our increased capitalization, and even without an increase of business."

"Glorious!" she said with sparkling eyes.

"Too good to be true," he assured her. "They'll take it away from me."

"How is it possible?" she asked.

"It isn't; but it will happen, nevertheless," he declared with conviction.

He had already begun to spend his days and nights in apprehension of this, and as the weeks went on and nothing happened his apprehension grew rather than diminished.

In the mean time Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company went pompously on. The great combine was formed, the fifty million dollars' worth of stock was opened for subscription, and the company gave a vastly expensive banquet in the convention hall of the Hotel Spender, at which a thousand of the city's foremost men were entertained, and where the cleverest after-dinner speakers to be obtained talked in relays until long after midnight. Those who came to eat the rich food and drink the rare wine and lend their countenances to the stupendous local enterprise, being shrewd business graduates who had cut their eye-teeth in their cradles, smiled and went home without any thought of investing; but the hard-working, economical chaps of the offices and shops, men who felt elated if, after five years of slavery, they could show ten hundred dollars of savings, glanced in awe over this magnificent list of names in the next day's papers. If the stock of the Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company was considered a good investment by these generals and captains and lieutenants of finance, who of course, attended this Arabian Nights banquet as investors, it must certainly be a good investment for the corporals and privates.

Immediately vivid results were shown. Immense electric signs, furnished at less than cost and some of them as big as the buildings upon the roofs of which they were erected, began to make new constellations in the city sky; buildings in the principal downtown squares were studded, for little or nothing, with incandescent lights as thickly as wall space could be found for them, and the men whose only automobiles are street cars awoke to the fact that their city was becoming intensely metropolitan; that it was blazing with the blaze of Paris and London and New York; that all this glittering advancement was due to the great new Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company, and more applications for stock were made!

Every applicant was supplied, but the treasury stock of the company having been sold out, the scrip had to come from some place else, and it came through devious, secret ways from the holdings of such men as Stone and Garland and Sharpe.

During this grand orgie of illumination the election came on; the price of gas and electricity went gloriously and recklessly down, and the men who were identified with the triumphantly successful new illuminating company were the leading figures in the campaign. The puerile "reform party," the blunders of whose incompetence had been ridiculous, was swept out of existence; Garland was elected mayor by the most overwhelming majority that had ever been known in the city, and with him was elected a council of the same political faith Sam Stone, always in the background, always keeping his name out of the papers as much as possible, came once more to the throne, and owned the city and all its inhabitants and all its business enterprises and all its public utilities, body and soul.

VII

ONE night there was no light in the twelve blocks over which the Brightlight Company had exclusive control, nor any light in the outside districts it supplied.

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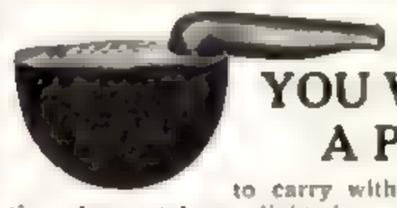

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This was the first time in years that the company, equipped with an emergency battery of dynamos which now proved out of order, had ever failed for an instant of proper service. Candles, kerosene lamps and old gas fixtures, the rusty cocks of which had not been turned in a decade, were put hastily in use, while the streets were black with a blackness particularly Stygian, contrasted with the brilliantly-illuminated squares supplied by the Consolidated Company. All night long the mechanical force, attended by the worried but painfully helpless Bobby, pounded and tapped and worked in the grime, but it was not until broad daylight that they were able to discover the cause of trouble. For two nights the lights ran steadily. On the third night, at about seven-thirty, they turned to a dull, red glow, and slowly died out. This time it was wire trouble, and through the long night as large a force of men as could be mustered were tracing it. Not until noon of the next day was the leak found. It was a full week before that section of the city was for the third time in darkness, but when this occurred the business men of the district, who had been patient enough the first night and enduring enough the second, loosed their reins and became frantic.

At this happy juncture the Consolidated Company threw an army of canvassers into those twelve monopolized blocks, and the canvassers did not need to be men who could talk, for arguments were not necessary. The old, worn-out equipment of the Brightlight Electric, and the fact that it was managed and controlled by men who knew nothing whatever of the business, its very president a young fellow who had probably never seen a dynamo until he took charge, were enough

Bobby, passing over Plum Street one morning, was surprised to see a large gang of men putting in new poles, and when he reached the office he asked Johnson about it. In two minutes he had definitely ascertained that no orders had been issued by the Brightlight Electric Company nor any one connected with it, and further inquiry revealed the fact that these poles were being put up by the Consolidated. He called up Chalmers at once.

"I knew I'd hear from you," said Chalmers, "and I have already been at work on the thing Of course, you saw what was in the papers"

"No," confessed Bobby

"You should read them every morning," scolded Chalmers. "The new city council, at their meeting last night, granted the Consolidated a franchise to put up poles and wires in this district for lighting."

"But how could they?" expostulated Bobby. "Our contract with the city has several years to run yet, and guarantees us exclusive privilege to supply light, both to the city and to private individuals, in those twelve blocks."

"That cleverly unobtrusive joker clause about 'reasonably satisfactory service,'" replied Chalmers angrily. "By the way, have you investigated those accidents very thoroughly?"

Bobby confessed that he had not.

"I think it would pay you to do so. I am delving into this thing as deeply as I can, and with your permission I am going to call your father's old attorney, Mr. Barrister, into consultation."

"Go ahead, by all means," said Bobby, worried beyond measure.

At five o'clock that evening Con Ripley came jauntily to the plant of the Brightlight Electric Company. Con was the engineer, and the world was a very good joke to him, although not such a joke that he ever overlooked his own interests. He spruced up considerably outside of working hours, did Con, and, although he was nearing forty, considered himself very much a ladies' man, also an accomplished athlete, and positively the last word in electrical knowledge. He was donning his working garments in very leisurely fashion when a short, broad-shouldered, thick-set young man came back toward him from the office.

"You're Con Ripley," said the newcomer by way of introduction.

"Maybe," said Con. "Who are you?"

"I'm the Assistant Works," observed Professor Henry H Bates.

"Oh'" said Mr. Ripley in some wonder, looking from the soft cap of Mr Bates to the broad, thick tan shoes of Mr Bates, and then back up to the wide-set eyes. "I hadn't heard about it."

"No?" responded Mr Bates "Well, I came in to tell you. I don't know enough about electricity to say whether you feed it with a spoon or from a bottle, but I'm here, just the same, to notice that the juice slips through the wires all right to-night, all right."

"The h-ll you are!" exclaimed Mr. Ripley, taking sudden umbrage at both tone and words, and also at the physical attitude of Mr. Bates, which had grown somewhat threatening. "All right, Mr. Works," and Mr. Ripley began to step out of his overalls; "jump right in and push juice till you get black in the face, while I take a little vacation. I've been wanting a lay-off for a long time."

"You'll lay on, Bo," dissented Mr. Bates. "Nix on the vacation. That's just the point. You're going to stick on the job, and I'm going to stick within four feet of you till old Jim-jams Jones shakes along to get this morning's morning; and it will be a sign of awful bad luck for you if the lights in this end of town flicker a single flick any time to-night."

"Is that it?" Mr. Ripley wanted to know. "And if they should happen to flicker some what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know yet," said Biff. "I'll knock your block off first and think about it afterward!"

Mr. Ripley hastily drew his overalls back on and slipped the straps over his shoulders with a snap.

"You'll tell me when you're going to do it, won't you?" he asked banteringly, and, a full head taller than Mr. Bates, glared down at him a moment in contempt. Then he laughed. "I'll give you ten to one the lights will flicker," he offered to bet. "I wouldn't stop such a cunning chance for exercise for real money," and, whirling upon his heel, Mr. Ripley started upon his usual preliminary examination of dynamos and engines and boilers.

Quite nonchalantly Mr. Bates, puffing at a particularly villainous stogie and with his hands resting idly in his pockets, swung after Mr. Ripley, keeping within almost precisely four feet of him. In the boiler-room, Ripley, finding Biff still at his heels, said to the fireman, with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder:

"Rocksey, be sure you keep a good head of steam on to-night if you're a friend of mine. This is Mr. Assistant Works back here, and he's come in to knock my block off if the lights flicker."

"Rocksey," a lean man with gray beard-bristles like pins and with muscles in astounding lumps upon his grimy arms, surveyed Mr. Bates with a grin.

"Ring a bell when it starts, will you, Con?" he requested.

To this Biff paid not the slightest attention, gazing stolidly at the red fire where it shone through the holes of the furnace doors; but when Mr. Ripley moved away Biff moved also. Ripley introduced Biff in much the same terms to a tall man who was oiling the big, old-fashioned Corliss, and a sudden gleam came into the tall man's eyes as he recognized Mr. Bates, but he turned back to his oiling without smile or comment. Ripley eyed him sharply.

"You'll hold the sponge and water bottle for me, won't you, Daly?" he asked, with an evident attempt at jovial conciliation.

Daly deliberately wiped the slender nose of his oil can and went on oiling.

"What's the matter?" asked Ripley with a frown. "Get a grouch again?"

"Yes, I have," admitted Daly without looking up, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Then cut it out," said Ripley, "and look real unpeeved when somebody hands you tickets to the circus."

From that moment Mr. Ripley seemed to take a keen delight in goading Mr. Bates. He took a sudden dash half-way down the length of the long room, as if going to the extreme other end of the plant, then suddenly whirled and retraced his steps to meet Biff coming after him; made an equally sudden dart for the mysterious switch-board, and seized a lever as if to throw it, but suddenly changed his mind, apparently, and went away, leaving Mr. Bates to infer that the throwing of that particular lever would leave them all in darkness; later, with Biff ready to spring upon him, he threw that switch to show that it had no important function to perform at all. To all these and many more ingenious tricks to humiliate him, Mr. Bates paid not the slightest attention, but, as calmly and as impassively as Fate, kept as nearly as he could to the four-foot distance he had promised.

It was about ten o'clock when Biff, interested for a moment in the switch-board, suddenly missed Ripley, and looking about him hastily he saw the fireman standing in the door of the boiler-room grinning at him, while the other workmen —all of whom were of the old régime were also enjoying his discomfort; but Daly, catching his eye, nodded significantly toward the side-door which led upon the street. It was an almost imperceptible nod, but it was enough for Biff, and he dashed out of that door. Half a block ahead of him he saw Ripley hurrying, and took after him with that light, catlike run which was the height of effortless and noiseless speed. Ripley, looking back hastily, hurried into a saloon, and he had scarcely closed the door when Biff entered after him, in time to see his man standing at the telephone, receiver in hand. It was the work of but an instant to grab Ripley by the arm and jerk him away from the 'phone. Quickly recovering his balance, with a lunge of his whole body Ripley shot a swift fist at the man who had interfered with him, but Biff, without shifting his position, jerked his head to one side and the fist shot harmlessly by. Before another blow could be struck or parried, the bartender, a brawny giant, had rushed between them.

"Let us alone, Jeff," panted Ripley. "I've got all I can stand for from this rat."

"Outside!" said Jeff with cold finality. "You can beat him to a pulp in the street, Con, but there'll be no scrimmage in this place without me having a hand in it."

Ripley considered this ultimatum for a moment in silence, and then, to Biff's surprise, suddenly ran out of the door. It was a tight race to the plant, and there, with Biff not more than two arms' length behind him, Ripley jerked at a lever hitherto untouched, and instantly the place was plunged into complete darkness.

"There!" screamed Ripley.

A second later Biff had grappled him, and together they went to the floor. It was only a moment that the darkness lasted, however, for tall Tom Daly stood by the replaced switch, looking down at them in quiet joy. Immediately with the turning on of the light Biff scrambled to his feet like a cat and waited for Ripley to arise. It was Ripley who made the first lunge, which Biff dexterously ducked, and immediately after Biff's right arm shot out, catching his antagonist a glancing blow upon the side of the cheek, a blow which drew blood. Infuriated, again Ripley rushed, but was blocked, and for nearly a minute there was a swift exchange of light blows which did little damage, then Biff found his opening, and swinging about the axis of his own spine, threw the entire force of his body behind his right arm, and the fist of that arm caught Ripley below the ear and dropped him like a beef, just as Bobby came running back from the office.

"What are you doing here, Biff? What's the matter?" demanded Bobby, as Ripley, dazed, struggled to his feet, and, though weaving, drew himself together for another onslaught

"Matter!" snarled Biff. "I landed on a frame-up, that's all. This afternoon I saw Sharpe and this Ripley together in a bum wine-room on River Street, swapping so much of that earnest conversation that the partitions bulged, and I dropped to the double-cross that's being handed out to you. I've been trying to telephone you ever since, but when I couldn't find you I came right down to run the plant. That's all."

"You're all right, Biff," laughed Bobby, "but I guess we'll call this a one-round affair, and I'll take charge."

"Don't stop 'em!" cried Daly savagely, turning to Bobby. "Hand it to him, Biff. He's a crook and an all-around sneak. He beat me out of this job by underhand means, and there ain't a man in the place that ain't tickled to death to see him get the beating that's coming to him. Paste him, Biff!"

"Biff!" repeated Mr. Ripley, suddenly dropping his hands. "Biff who?"

"Mr. Biff Bates, the well-known and justly celebrated ex-champion middleweight," announced Bobby with a grin. "Mr. Ripley—Mr. Bates."

"Biff Bates!" repeated Con Ripley. "Why didn t some of you guys tell me this was Biff Bates' Mr. Bates, I'm glad to meet you." And with much respect he held forth his hand.

"Go chase yourself," growled Mr. Bates in infinite scorn.

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Ripley replied with a sudden volley of abuse, couched in the vilest of language, but to this Biff made no reply. He dropped his hands in his coat pockets, and, considering his work done, walked over to the wall and leaned against it, awaiting further developments.

"Daly," asked Bobby sharply, breaking in upon Ripley's tirade, "are you competent to run this plant?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Daly. "I should have had the job four years ago. I was promised it."

"You may consider yourself in charge, then. Mr. Ripley, if you will walk up to the office I'll pay you off."

VIII

BOBBY, jubilant, went to see Chalmers next day. The lawer listened gravely, but shook his head.

"I'm bound to tell you, Mr. Burnit, that you have no case. You must have more proof than this to bring a charge of conspiracy. Ripley had a perfect right to talk with Sharpe or to telephone to some one, and mere hot-headedness could explain his shutting off the lights. Your overenthusiastic friend Bates has ruined whatever prospect you might have had. Your suspicions once aroused, you should have let your man do as he liked, but should have watched him and caught him in a trap of some sort. Now it is too late. Moreover, I have bad news for you. Your contract for city lighting is ironclad, and cannot be broken, but I saw to-day a paper signed by an overwhelming majority of your private consumers that the service is not even 'reasonably satisfactory,' and that they wish the field open to competition. With this paper to back them, Stone's council granted the right to the Consolidated Company to erect poles, string wires and supply current. We can bring suit if you say so, but you will lose it."

"Bring suit, then!" ordered Bobby vehemently. "Why, Chalmers, the contract for the city lighting alone would cost the Brightlight money every year. The profit has all been made from private consumers."

"That's why you're losing it," said Chalmers dryly. "The whole project is very plain to me now. The Consumers and the United Companies never cared to enter that field, because their controlling stockholders were also the Brightlight controlling stockholders, and they could get more money through the Brightlight than they could through the other companies; and so they led the public to believe that there was no breaking the monopoly the Brightlight held upon their service. Now, however, they want to gain another stock-jobbing advertisement by driving you out of the field. They planned from the first to wreck you for just that purpose—to make Consolidated stock seem more desirable when the stock sales began to dwindle—and they are perfectly willing to furnish the consumers in your twelve blocks with current at their present ridiculously low rate, because, with them, any possible profits to be derived from the business are insignificant compared to the profits to be derived from the sale of their watered stock. The price of illumination and power, later, will *soar!* Watch it. They re a very bright crowd," and Mr. Chalmers paused to admire them.

"In other words," said Bobby glumly, "I am what Biff Bates told me I would be—the goat."

"Precisely," agreed Chalmers.

"Begin suit anyhow," directed Bobby, "and we'll see what comes of it."

Two days later he was surprised to see Sharpe drop in upon him.

"I understand you are bringing suit against the Consolidated for encroachment upon your territory, and against the city for abrogation of contract," began Sharpe.

"Yes," said Bobby.

"Don't you think it rather a waste of money, Mr. Burnit? I can guarantee you positively that you will not win either suit."

"I'm willing to wait to find that out."

"No use," said Sharpe impatiently. "I'll tell you what we will do, Mr. Burnit. If you care to have us to do so, the Consolidated, a little later on, will absorb the Brightlight."

"On what terms?" asked Bobby.

"It all depends. We might discuss that later. There's another matter I'd like to speak with you about. Stone wants to see you, even yet. I want to tell you, Mr. Burnit, he can get along a great deal better without you than you can without him, as you are probably willing to admit by now. But he still wants you. Go and see Stone."

"On—what—terms—will the Consolidated now absorb the Brightlight?" demanded Bobby sternly.

"Well," drawled Sharpe, with a complete change of manner, "the property has deteriorated considerably within a remarkably short space of time, but I should say that we would buy the Brightlight for three hundred thousand dollars in stock of the Consolidated, half preferred and half common."

"And is this your very best offer?"

"The very best," replied Sharpe, making no attempt to conceal his exultant grin.

"Not on your life!" declared Bobby. "I'm going to hold the Brightlight intact. I'm going to fulfill the city contract at a loss, if it takes every cent I can scrape together, and then I'm going to enter politics myself. I'm going to drive Stone and his crowd out of this city, and we shall see if we cannot make a readjustment of the illuminating business on my basis instead of his. Good-day, Mr. Sharpe!"

"Good-day, sir," said Sharpe, and this time he laughed aloud.

At the door he turned.

"I'd like to call your attention, young man, to the fact that a great many very determined gentlemen have announced their intention of driving Mr. Stone and his associates out of this city. You might compare that with the fact that Mr. Stone and his friends are all here yet, and on top," and with that he withdrew.

"If I may be so bold as to say so," said Mr. Applerod, worried to paleness by this foolish defiance of so great and good a man, "you have made a very grave error, Mr. Burnit, very grave, indeed. It is suicidal to defy Mr. Sharpe, and through him *Mr. Stone!*"

"Will you shut up!" snarled Johnson to his ancient work-mate. "Mr. Burnit, I have no right to take the liberty, but I am going to congratulate you, sir. Whatever follies inexperience may have led you to commit, you are, at any rate, sir, a *man*, like your father was before you!" and by way of emphasis Johnson smacked his fist on his desk as he glared in Mr. Applerod's direction.

"It's all very well to show fight, Johnson," said Bobby, a little wanly, "but just the same I have to acknowledge defeat. I am afraid I boasted too much. Chalmers, after considering the matter, positively refuses to bring suit. The whole game is over. I have the Brightlight Company on my hands at a net dead loss of every cent I have sunk into it, and it cannot pay me a penny so long as these men remain in power. I am going to fight them with their own weapons, but that is a matter of years. In the mean time, my third business attempt is a hideous failure. Where's the gray envelope, Johnson?"

"It is here," admitted Johnson, and from his file took the missive in question.

As Bobby took the letter Agnes came into the office and swept toward him with outstretched hand.

"It is perfectly shameful, Bobby! I just read about it!"

"So soon?" he wanted to know.

She carried a paper in her hand and spread it before him. In the very headline his fate was pronounced. Brightlight Electric Tottering to Its Fall," was the cheerful line which confronted him, and beneath this was set forth the facts that every profitable contract heretofore held by the Brightlight Electric had been taken away from that unfortunate concern, in which the equipment was said to be so inefficient as to render decent service out of the question, and that, having only remaining to it a money-losing contract for city lighting, business men were freely predicting its very sudden dissolution. The item, wherein the headline took up more space than the news, wound up with the climax statement that Brightlight stock was being freely offered at around forty, with no takers.

To her surprise, Bobby tossed the paper on Johnson's desk and laughed.

"I have been so long prepared for this bit of 'news' that it does not shock me much," he said; "moreover, the lower this stock goes the cheaper I can buy it!"

"Buy it!" she incredulously exclaimed.

"Exactly," he stated calmly. "I presume that, as heretofore, I'll be given another check, and I do not see any better place to put the money than right here. I am going to fight!"

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Johnson. "Your last remark was spoken loud enough to be taken as general, and I am compelled to give you this envelope."

Into his hands Johnson placed a mate to the missive which Bobby had not yet opened, and this one was inscribed:

TO MY SON ROBERT UPON HIS DECLARATION THAT HE WILL TAKE TWO STARTS AT THE SAME BUSINESS

Bobby looked at the two letters in frowning perplexity, and then silently walked into his own office, where Agnes followed him; and it was she who closed the door. He sat down at his desk and held that last letter of his father's before him in dread. He had so airly built up his program; and apprehension told him what this letter might contain! Presently he was conscious that Agnes' arm was slipped across his shoulder. She was sitting upon the arm of his chair, and had bent her cheek upon his head. So they read the curt message:

> To throw good money after bad is like sprinkling salt on a cut. It only intensifies the pain and don't work much of a cure. In your case it is strictly forbidden. You must learn to cut your garment according to your cloth, to bite off only what you can chew, to lift no more than you can carry. Your next start must not be encumbered.

"He's wrong!" declared Bobby savagely.

"But if he is," protested Agnes, "what can you do about it?"

"If his bequests are conditional I shall have to accept the conditions; but, nevertheless, I am going to fight; and I am going to keep the Brightlight Electric!"

Mechanically he opened the other letter now. The contents were to this effect:

TO MY SON ROBERT UPON HIS LOSING MONEY IN A PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION

> Every buzz-saw claims some fingers. Of course you had to be a victim, but now you know how to handle a buzz-saw. The first point about it is to treat it with respect. When you realize thoroughly that a buzz-saw is dangerous, half the danger is gone. So, when your wound is healed, you might go ahead and saw, just as a matter of accomplishment. Bobby, how I wish I could talk with you now for just one little half hour.

Convulsively Bobby crumpled the letter in his hand and the tears started to his eyes.

"Bully old dad!" he said brokenly, and opened his watch-case, where the grim but humor-loving face of old John Burnit looked up at his beloved children.

"And now what are you going to do?" Agnes asked him presently, when they were calmer.

"Fight!" he vehemently declared. "For the governor's sake as well as my own."

"I just found another letter for you, sir," said Johnson, handing in the third of the missives to come in that day's mail from beyond the Styx. It was inscribed:

TO MY SON ROBERT UPON THE OCCASION OF HIS DECLARING FIGHT AGAINST THE POLITICIANS WHO ROBBED HIM

> Nothing but public laziness allows dishonest men to control public affairs. Any time an honest man puts up a sincere fight against a crook there's a new fat man in striped clothes. If you have a crawful and want to fight against dirty politics in earnest, jump in, and tell all my old friends to put a bet down on you for me. I'd as soon have you spend in that way the money I made as to buy yachts with it; and I can see where the game might be made as interesting as polo. Go in and win, boy.

"And now what are you going to do?" Agnes asked him, laughing this time.

"Fight!" he declared exultantly. "I'm going to fight entirely outside of my father's money. I'm going to fight with my own brawn and my own brain and my own resources and my own personal following! Why, Agnes, that is what the governor has been goading me to do. It is what all this is planned for, and the governor, after all, is right!"

Editor's Note—The fourth in this series of stories will appear in an early number.

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James and the Jack-Knife

Or the Perils of a Great City

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

JAMES ADAMS was directing envelopes on the top floor of a modern skyscraper when his employer, an unscrupulous man, said to him: "James, I am going into the inner office. If Mr. Rogers calls say that I have gone out to lunch."

James rose to his full height, which was four feet one, and, casting his pen upon the floor, he said: "I will not lie for all the employers in Christendom."

"I do not ask you to lie for all the employers in Christendom; I simply ask you to lie for me."

"Well, I won't lie for you, then," said the boy stoutly.

David Fairfax, his employer, was a choleric man, and hastily drawing out his jack-knife he raised his right arm and made a vicious lunge at the poor boy, who, to save himself, jumped through the glass door of the office. Although he cut his clothes to shreds, he escaped without a scratch and rushed through the hallway to the express elevator that was about to descend thirty stories to the ground. James looked over his shoulder and saw his employer, doubly angry now, for the plate glass was expensive. Mr. Fairfax had his right arm raised and the knife was clutched in it. Quick as thought the poor boy jumped into the elevator and said: "Save me. I am pursued."

The elevator man was friendly to James and he did his best. He dropped like a shot, but the sudden strain was too much for the rope and it broke, and James and the man were hurled downward two hundred feet, down, down, it seemed to certain destruction. During that time the elevator man thought of all the events in his boyhood in a far-off State, and James, not to be outdone, thought of just as many things in his own childhood.

It looked for a few seconds as if Mr. Fairfax would have to get another office boy, but when the car had dropped twenty stories it stuck and the two terrified occupants forced a door and escaped with no further injuries than bruised heads. As they rushed from the box of death James saw his employer, with his right hand raised, going down in another elevator. The awful knife was still in his grasp

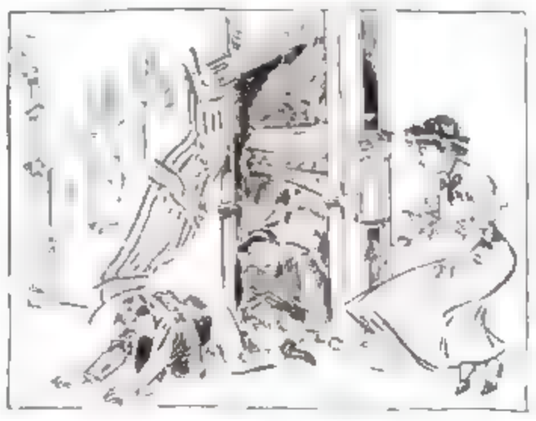
"Saved," cried the youthful James, and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving, but at the third inhalation he saw a baleful glare in front of him and the awful cry of "Fire!" was heard. The great building was in flames, and the two unfortunate men were still ten stories from the ground. With a speed born of fear and nursed by desperation James and the elevator man jumped down flight after flight of stairs, now bruising an ankle, now an elbow, but never breaking anything.

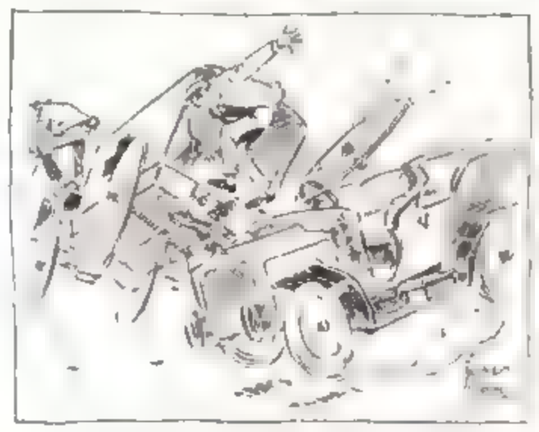
The street is almost gained when James encounters his vengeful employer, who has left the elevator to search for his office boy, and who now raises his gleaming knife on high to plunge it into his heart.

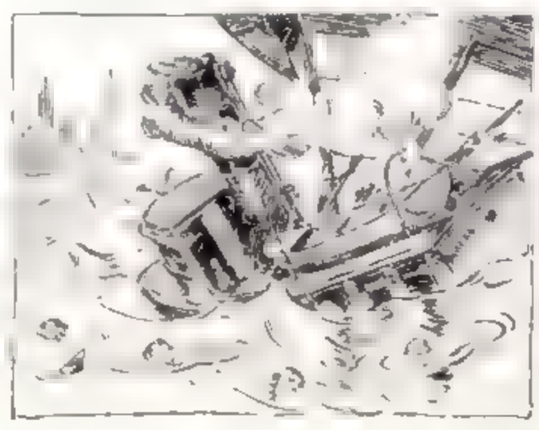
Ah, my poor boy, it is all up with you. If you had but consented to that one little falsehood the elevator would not have taken occasion to drop with you, the building—but stay, the building must have been on fire before you refused, and so your noble stand for truth has brought you nearer the street than you would otherwise have been. Still, now it is all up with you ——

At this moment there was a terrific explosion and James felt himself blown up, up, up to the roof.

He thought of all the events of his childhood that he had forgotten to think about on his way down. He was powerless to do anything but think as he sailed







impotently toward high heaven. Up, up, up until the roof was reached and then ——

And then the walls fell out with a hideous crash. Not two feet behind him he caught a glimpse of the angry face of Mr. Fairfax, also blown in air, the knife clenched and raised, vengeance still possessing him.

By a miracle James sailed through the air on a piece of cornice and landed in the street below without breaking any bones. Out of the cloud of dust he rose and made his way through piles of débris to the sidewalk.

"Safe at last!" cried the poor boy in a choked voice, but he spoke too soon. In New York no one is safe, yet.

"Ha, I have found you!" yelled a voice at his elbow, and turning, he saw his wicked employer raising his knife to plunge it into his heart.

With a wild cry James sought the middle of the street and ran headlong for a block, when there was another frightful explosion, and a manhole over which he was passing blew up and hurled him a hundred feet into the air. He was sure that the end had now come. He once more rehearsed the events of his childhood, although the task was growing wearisome. Life in the city was too rapid and death was too slow. He silently breathed another prayer, for restful oblivion this time, but at that moment another manhole blew up and he saw his enemy rising after him, the knife in his hand, his arm raised to plunge it into his defenseless body. Death, yes, but not at the hands of this remorseless and uncompromising employer. There must still be some loophole of escape in so large a city as the Metropolis. Yes, there it was above him, the air-hole in a political banner stretched across the street. But even as he grabbed it Mr. Fairfax clutched at its companion air-hole and began swinging over to where the poor boy hung. His right hand was now occupied, but in his mouth the gleaming blade was temporarily resting.

Ah, what a time for hate! When he might have dropped the knife and talked with the boy about the unconventionality of their meeting ground—if meeting ground it could be called so far up in the air—he did nothing but mutter curses that the blade divided and rendered inarticulate but none the less malevolent. Hatred while hanging from a political banner is thrice hatred.

Nearer and nearer swung the diabolic employer, but James did not lose his head. Far below him he saw a brand-new awning. He knew that a broken fall was better than a sheer one, and just as Mr. Fairfax seized the blade with his right hand James dropped, and, bouncing from the awning, landed on his feet on a newly-made, and consequently soft, tar pavement.

But it is not the upright alone who escape peril. Mr. Fairfax dropped also, and he landed on a truck loaded with bales of rags, bounding from them to the back of one of the horses and thence to the same tar pavement.

Not knowing where he was going James ran right into a swiftly-moving trolley, and his employer followed. Fairfax was stunned, but James escaped unhurt and vaulted over the dashboard and paid his fare, hoping that when Mr. Fairfax came to his senses he would not see him.

The car was stopped, a crowd gathered and an ambulance was sent for. Into it the senseless form of Mr. Fairfax was laid. James breathed his third prayer, this time returning to the thanksgiving form, and the ambulance started for the hospital.

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Hitherto the perils had been from without, but now James was assailed by one within. His various adventures had been too much for him, and now that he deemed himself secure he fainted dead away.

"Put him in that ambulance," said a man of ready wit, and all unconscious of the danger to which they were exposing the poor boy, they stopped the ambulance, lifted him up and laid him alongside his prostrate employer.

Why could not Mr. Fairfax have remained senseless until the unfortunate clerk had been placed on a cot at some distance from his own? It is not for us to say why. Suffice it for us to state that on the way to the hospital the wicked man recovered consciousness, and when he saw who it was that lay by his side he raised his right hand and attempted to plunge the jack-knife into the heart of his victim.

Praised be unmanageable automobiles! Once in a while they do a service. An empty one that had gotten away from its owner ran pell mell into the ambulance just as the knife was descending, and once more James was saved, for both were thrown violently to the street.

Even now if James had been willing to tell a lie for his employer he might have ended his troubles, but he would not think of such a thing. He rose to his feet, was hotly pursued by Mr. Fairfax, and ran with the speed of a greyhound down a side street to the river front. His fainting spell had rested him considerably.

Once and once only he looked over his shoulder, and then he saw the old familiar sight of the knife, ascendant, threatening.

A wharf, a stringpiece, the river. The water is icy, but James can swim. Now surely his employer is balked.

Ah, gentle reader, you do not know that kind of employer. He is seldom if ever balked until the last chapter, or, if he be balked, he is but retarded for a time, and his venom takes occasion of delay to grow more poisonous.

Mr. Fairfax could swim, and being older he could swim better than the boy could Slowly but surely he overhauled the chilling child and the boy decided to sink. This was no mere man, but a devil who was following him so inevitably.

But hold! What is that that hurtles through the air? It is a life-line. A tug has seen the two swimmers and the boy is now being pulled on board. First the boy and then the man are saved, and for the time being, all enmity forgotten, they stand shivering in front of the furnace. But this era of good feeling is not fated to last. As soon as Fairfax, the man of implacable purpose, felt the rich red blood once more coursing through his veins he raised the glittering but slightly rusty blade on high ——

Cr-r-r-rash!!

Horror on horror's head! A Fall River steamer has cut the tug in two. James clutches at something and the crew clutch at other things, and a moment later they are en route to Boston and the tug lies at the bottom of the East River.

James, being bashful, lost himself among the crowds of passengers and escaped attention. Soon hunger forced him to go aft to the dining-saloon. He had seen nothing of Mr. Fairfax, and, wicked as the wish seemed, he hoped that he had remained in the East River.

The head waiter guided him down the room past groups of gayly-dressed and merrily-talking diners and placed him at a table where sat one man, and he was Mr. Fairfax!

"Mercy, mercy!" cried James, seeing the right hand dive into the pocket and recognizing the inevitable sequence.

Mr. Fairfax for answer laughed wildly and every diner turned and looked at him. He rose to his feet, stepped toward James, and then—then he played his part and had an attack of apoplexy.

For a moment all was confusion. James seized the knife, and making his way outside, he plunged it into the seething waters. The knife gone, he forgot that Mr. Fairfax was his enemy and gave orders that he be taken to Boston, where he saw that he was lodged in a reasonably moderate hotel, nor did he leave him until he recovered consciousness.

Apoplexy is sometimes a cure for hatred, and it was even so in the case of Mr. Fairfax. When he was able to leave Boston he went to New York and sent for James.

"James," said he, "I feel that I was wrong in asking you to tell that lie. If Mr. Rogers comes hereafter the *new* office boy will tell him that we have gone to lunch together, and it will be the truth. This day I make you my partner."

James felt strangely happy. He knew that he would not receive as much money as before, for business was not good, but it is not every one who is a partner at sixteen.

There is an altar and there is a Miss Fairfax In course of time it is likely that James will lead Miss Fairfax to the altar. But if he had said Mr. Fairfax was out to lunch he might have been an office boy to this day, and then Miss Fairfax would not have consented to be led by such as he. Virtue may seem like a will-o'-the-wisp, but she lands us in Elysium.

Speculation—By Our Readers

Playing on the Gamblers' Maxim

SPECULATION is too elastic a word," that is why there are so many varying opinions on the subject. It applies equally well to legitimate investment and to illegitimate gambling, and it is to the fact that the faults of anything appeal more strongly to the mind than do its good points that the sentiment may be attributed which is more or less hostile to Stock Exchange methods to-day.

The brokers, in giving their side of the question, naturally lay stress upon the economic theory of the Stock Exchange and elaborate upon truths as to the necessity for these institutions which nobody with sense can deny or wishes to deny. Where they fail is in overlooking the difference between theory and practice, in shutting their eyes to evils which are patent, but with which they see no possibility of doing away and probably do not desire to abolish.

The use of credit, both theoretically and practically, is an absolute necessity The trouble is that, in practice, this use too often becomes an abuse, and Stock Exchange methods smooth the path for this abuse. The exchanges all over the country showed this to be true in the recent panic. The first step taken in steadying the machine down was to put a stop to all marginal operations "Buy outright or not at all," became the instructions, and deeply surprised and grieved were the multitudinous speculators when they heard it. Where a man could only buy ten shares of stock as against one hundred for his thousand dollars his profits on a rise were correspondingly cut down, and he looked with a gambler's contempt on the legitimate gain from the transaction. There, in a nutshell, is the main evil with Stock Exchange methods. To the average speculator it is a gamble pure and simple, and he plays the game like a gambler.

The brokers say that if a man devoted the same amount of care to investigating his stocks' value as he does to looking into a piece of real estate he is about to buy, for instance, there would be less losses, but is it true? An investor or a speculator can inspect a piece of real estate and can use his best judgment as to its probable appreciation and speculate accordingly If a man, however, wishes to buy one hundred shares of Union Pacific, is Mr Harriman going to inform him that, in the course of a week or so, he intends to raise the dividend upon it six per cent. or vice versa? There is so great a chance to-day that the quoted value of a security may equally as well be a manipulated value as a real value that every speculator realizes he is doing business in a state but little removed from blindness. Hence he takes advantage of the marginal method of buying or selling, putting up only a small percentage of the purchase money and using his broker's credit for the remainder. Theoretically he wishes to become a part owner in a railroad, say, and, after paying down a portion of the purchase price, obtains enough money to settle in full by putting a heavy mortgage on his share of the property. Presumably, he intends to reduce the mortgage or to sell out at a profit what he has bought. Practically he pays a thousand dollars for one hundred shares of stock in the road, puts in a stop-loss order for a point or two below where he bought the stock, and bets on his judgment that the value of that stock will rise. Does he plan to stay in that railroad business until he makes the profit for which he invested? Does he plan to put up more margin if the value of that stock declines? Does he wait to make good as he would do in a small business of his own? Generally speaking, no. He limits his losses at the start and gets out quickly when he finds his judgment wrong. He plays on the gamblers' maxim, "Let profits run, but cut short losses."

Stop gambling on margins and the worst evil of stock speculation will be done away with. —K. W. E.

The Work of the Capper

LEGITIMATE trading in stocks, or the buying of same outright, does no harm and never will, but the margin trade is the curse of this country.

Some years ago I was connected with a Stock Exchange house, presumably as bond salesman, but in reality to influence business, or, more plainly, to act as "capper" for the game. It is against the rules of the exchange to hire any one for this purpose, so arrangements are made (with a good drawing account) with a representative of the bond department. This drawing account runs from five thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars a year, depending on the amount of business one is able to influence.

In the three years I stayed with this job I saw more people go broke than ever went broke on the ponies or at faro. A new man landed for a one-hundred share account, which he could handle with safety, would soon be led to trade in larger lots, and shortly would be beyond his depth and a crash in the market would wipe him out completely. A straight faro bank offers better returns on the money than does Wall Street.

Being in the game myself it is very little money that I ever lost at it, and I hold no animosity toward Wall Street, although brokers are a cold-hearted bunch of "tightwads" when it comes to helping a man that has gone broke at the game. Their interest ceases when he doesn't respond to the margin call, and his account is closed

I have left the game and gone back on the road where my salary is not as high, but where I don't have to be drinking all the time to keep my position.

Recently a customer who, through hard work and close attention to business for fifteen years, had built up a splendid business, found a shortage in his cashier's accounts of twenty thousand dollars. Stocks had done this. Had this cashier been compelled to buy his stock outright and hold it he would not have been tempted, but five hundred or a thousand dollars at a time was small, and a good winning he calculated would repay the borrowed amount. Now this man has lost the work of a lifetime.

I know of many like this case. We had a man trading with one of our branch offices in New England. He was a bank cashier in a town about a hundred miles distant. He was operating under an assumed name and had his confirmations mailed to a post-office box in his home town under this assumed name. The firm I was with knew this, still they accepted business from the man. I think he is "in" for seven years. The amount was considerable.

Stock Exchange houses know the danger and seduction of margin trading and will not allow their own employees to play the game, and no Stock Exchange house will accept business from an employee of another exchange firm.

It is the margin trading that should be prohibited, or at least a fifty-point margin should be required on every share of stock traded in. Trading on margin as it is now conducted is a gambling game, pure and simple, with the deck stacked and no chance for the player to cut or deal or match the

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shuffle. A man going up against it shouldn't squeal if he is separated from his money.

The prohibiting of margin trading, however, would protect the widow, the orphan and others whose funds are in trust hands; it would protect the banks, the business man who trusts his employees, and finally would protect the man who is weak and listens to the flatteries and jollyings of brokers and cappers. —B. B.

The Odd Chance

THE office of the best class of exchange broker is to the average country broker's office as is the buffet of the swellest hotels to the lowest grog-shops of New York. Both offices deal in the same merchandise, but they deal in it under different conditions.

I doubt if Mr. Clews and men of his high character have any conception of the kind of men running brokers' offices in interior country towns. Some of these country brokers are intelligent and high-minded, but they are lamentably few. Their office is generally located in the rear of a barber shop or on the upper floors, back, of some office building, and is owned or managed by a man without financial or moral standing who has made a contract with some large private-wire brokerage firm on a commission basis.

The place is patronized by the townsmen and farmers of the surrounding country, none of whom has any idea of the value of any stock, but who buys or sells as the broker advises. These speculators have no intention of ever receiving or delivering the property in which they trade, and are merely betting on the rise or fall of the market from hour to hour and are being constantly urged on by the broker, who must earn commissions, to take small profits and trade often.

The result in the end is always loss, and soon the broker's business falls off from lack of new traders, and the few who have hung on to the last wake up some morning to the fact that their broker has quietly left town the evening before, taking with him their credit balances.

Then the traders who lost money speculating and those who lost because of the absconding of the broker demand of their representatives in the State legislatures an act to suppress trading in grain, stocks and cotton on margins, and the better class of the townsmen urge the same legislation because they see their neighbors losing money they cannot afford to lose and their families suffering in consequence. The trades made by these men were, in every respect, made in the same manner as they would have been 'made had they dealt direct with a New York or Chicago Exchange member, and the result is the same—loss.

I have known only one man, in twenty-five years' experience in the speculative brokerage business, who quit speculating with a profit. He made his first trade in futures with me, closed that trade with a profit and went South on a pleasure trip. He died while away. I firmly believe there is not a speculator in grain, stocks or cotton in the world to-day who pays the regular commissions and carrying charges whose speculative account does not show a net loss to him.

The reason is that if he makes one dollar per share on one hundred shares of stock he gets one hundred dollars less the commission of twenty-five or seventy-five dollars net, and if he loses one dollar per share he loses one hundred dollars plus the commission, or a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

There are so many things which cause the markets to decline when one thinks they should advance that no man has more than an even chance of reading the future correctly. Burdened with a commission charge of twenty-five dollars he has no more chance of making money than if he threw up a silver dollar and bet a hundred and twenty-five dollars against seventy-five dollars that it would come down "heads" more often than "tails." In other words, it is only a question of time when the commission charges will eat up his entire capital. He has also another serious influence working against him, that is, his propensity to take small profits and large losses. I do not mean, of course, to say that speculators do not sometimes make profits, but they do not quit speculating with a profit.

The man is not yet born who can pay full commissions and make money speculating. When such men as Kershaw, Leiter and Heinze, who paid no commissions, lose fortunes, what chance has the average outsider with his handicap of from thirty to fifty per cent.?

The evil of speculation is in the fact that it causes loss to people who do not understand the danger in it and who speculate without a proper knowledge of the business, lured by tips and advice from dishonest brokers, who, if they knew their advice was sound, would not be in the brokerage business, but on the floors of the exchanges making fortunes for themselves.

Personally I will welcome the day when all dealing on margins is abolished and the sending broadcast over the country of continuous quotations is prohibited. Then there will be no gambling in futures.

—W. A. M.

Took the Steward In

IN 1895 and 1896 I had been working as steward of one of the largest country clubs in New Jersey, and as I had been getting a good salary, and rooms and living for self and family, I had been able to save about twenty-five hundred dollars.

One day, while engaged in a game of billiards with Mr. R., one of the members, who was president of a large company, he told me of some of his ventures and dealings in Wall Street and advised my doing the same, proposing to introduce me to his firm of brokers, and suggesting that I purchase one hundred shares of Reading Railroad stock, which was, at that time, around twenty-four or twenty-five dollars per share.

I was one of the most veritable lambs that ever went to the slaughter, and straightway hied me to that broker's office and bought one hundred shares of Reading at 24¼, including commission, per share, and put up a margin of two hundred dollars. For two weeks that stock steadily advanced, until one fine morning I woke up to the fact that it was selling around 34⅝-½, and that I had a clean profit of six hundred dollars.

"Well, well!" says I to myself (just like that). "Well—well! this game's all to the cheese.

"However, here's where little Willie'd better take his profits while they're there."

So I stepped to the telephone booth of the club, called up my brokers and ordered them to sell at anything above 30. Mr. H., one of the firm, was on the wire, and immediately started in to dissuade me from selling (you would almost have thought that my profit was coming out of his pocket). He finally informed me that my friend Mr. R. was then in the office and said that he would ask him to speak to me. Mr. R. came, told me that he had five hundred shares of Reading, and some thousand of other shares, including C. B. & Q., C. R. I. & P. and People's Gas, and that conditions for a further advance were all good; that he was going to hold his and advised me to do the same, saying that, if anything should arise to make him change front, he would call me up. So I held on. The next morning came news of the blowing up of the Maine in Havana Harbor. Of course, the shock was first felt by sensitive stocks and they went tumbling. My breakers—brokers (I can't seem to get that word right) called me up for more margin, which I hurried over with. Again they called and I put up more; and then some more. And then some. My friend, Mr. R., had, the very day that I was speaking with him over the 'phone from the brokers' office, received a telegram from the City of Mexico, calling him there in regard to a million-dollar contract, and, not wishing to be in the market during his absence, had sold out all his stock at a handsome profit. But he neglected to tell me of it.

Finally my breakers—let it go at that keenly feeling my losses, advised me to sell, and I did—at 15½ a share, the lowest Reading touched! Perhaps (?) they didn't realize that the market was due for a turn? —W. W. C.

The Advice that Saved Me

I SUBMIT a word of advice given me by an older brother—an attorney in Chicago. I am a salaried man with small amount of cash and wrote asking as follows:

"Could one speculate safely in grain options if he would buy on a good margin and always retain sufficient cash to make good beyond any possible decline? I have money bringing only two per cent., and am of the opinion that, by conservative speculating on Board of Trade options, it could be made to produce much better returns and be just as safe."

The Answer

"*Dear Brother:*

"Yours received and I hasten to reply that the letter may not be overlooked by any delay.

"As to your question, I say at once and without hesitation, emphatically, *no!* do not go into that business under any circumstances; there are so many reasons it would take a very long letter to give them all. I will, however, give some gathered from twenty years' experience and observation of what is going on right here in Chicago.

"Speculating in grain as carried on in these days is pure and simple a gambling operation, and, although your method might be as safe a one as could be adopted, every method has in the end been beaten. Speculation has impoverished more than ninety per cent. of those who have tried it, including old and successful operators, men of wealth as well as of small means.

"I have had thousands of chances to make what seemed to be sure and conservative deals, both in grain and stocks, acting through clients and friends who were brokers and experts at the business, but I have always kept out and have lived to see many of my associates lose all they had in the world by that kind of operations. A successful deal at first is the worst thing that can happen, as it enthuses one and leads to the inevitable end, namely, failure and loss.

"There are several reasons why, situated as you are or I am, it would be a very foolish transaction in my judgment. In the first place, watching the markets and tending to the deal takes your time to such an extent that it greatly interferes with your efficiency in your regular work. Again, one cannot go into this business without his friends and employers finding it out, and the moment they find you are engaged in that kind of speculation, or gambling, you lose their confidence to such an extent that you cannot successfully do business along legitimate lines.

"These are my ideas gathered right here in Chicago where they play the game every hour, and records will sustain these statements. I have not made them without some careful thought.

"I am a firm believer in the theory that there is no better investment at present than good farm land. A great many here are investing all the time and almost without exception have made it pay. Of course two per cent. is a small income, but these are dollars that have come hard and I should be very, very careful how I invested them. I hope you will not think me assuming in speaking thus frankly, but when you ask my advice—and I take for granted you would not ask it unless you thought it of value—I consider it my duty to give it to you straight.

"These are flush times, notwithstanding a little scare, and the country is filled with all sorts of schemes where the sharks are fleecing the lambs—look out for them! Keep shy of mining stocks, grain speculations and all get-rich-quick schemes, confine yourself to legitimate business, and thus retain the respect and confidence you now enjoy, and in the long run you will have the best the world can give as a reward for faithful service."

—V. E. S.

The LA-FLAT

The end — In pouch

The *LA-FLAT* Belt more than supports the trousers. It imparts that snug, close-fitting effect the smart dressers are striving to obtain.

The *LA-FLAT* Belt has no clumsy straps to curl or coil to curl. It lays flat around the waist. The buckle keeps it. Note in the *LA-FLAT* Belt at top, and the untidy, careless appearance of the old style belt at bottom

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As she receives it

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Sincerest Flattery

THE visit of Elihu Root to the nations of South America was intended, as Mr. Root will himself assure you, to bring our sister democracies a little closer to their mother republic, which is bad genealogy, but mighty good diplomacy. That it was good diplomacy is, in fact, shown by the traces of Mr. Root's progress still observable. Everywhere he set his Massachusetts shod foot, everywhere he showed his Washington-tailored back, and everywhere he raised that mellifluous voice which used to thrill the classic shades of Rome, New York, the people saw, admired and imitated Americanisms.

That is, they imitated where they could, but sometimes they only tried to imitate, the result of which latter process you may still see in a last year's sign hung out before a little restaurant in Buenos Ayres. It reads:

AMERICAN CAFÉ

CHAMPAGNE AND FRIED POTATOES

Just as Good

At 7 Blinker Street dealt Twist,
By trade a Substitutionist,
Who'd prove to you that Left was Right,
That Black was but a shade of White,
And ample evidence could find
To show you didn't know your Mind.

For instance: if you asked for "Jink's
No Matter What," he'd hand you "Bink's";
Affirm the difference of a letter
Just made his Substitute the Better,
And if you still would "Jink's" demand
He'd grieve that he had None on Hand,
But "Bink's" was Finer, Bigger, Cheaper;
For Twist was that *sort of Storekeeper.*

Upon the death of Turnand Twist,
None mourned, for such men are not missed.
His checks he cashed for First-class Ticket
To pass him through the Heav'nly Wicket,
And strode up to the gorgeous gate
Where aged Watchman sat in state,
To whom quoth Twist, a trifle pale, "Oh,
Dear Peter, fit me with a halo,
And show me your best line of Harps.
I'll pick me one with Flats and Sharps.
What's this year's mode in Robes and Things?
And what's your price for Snow-white
Wings?"

The Watchman said, "The White are Out.
But Black's the Shade you Want, no doubt,
And as for Harps—a tip, my lad,
Our Red-Hot Pitchforks are The Fad:
Among the Ultra-smarty Set
You'll find more Forks than Harps, I bet.
For Halos there is no demand,
But we have Sulphur still On Hand;
It's just as cheap, burns just as well,
And Soon you'll get to Like the Smell;
These Robes of Brimstone warp and woof—"
'Twas then Twist glimpsed the Cloven Hoof
Beneath the Saintlike Watchman's hem.
"Look here," said he, "such tricks as them
I thought I'd left at Number Seven;
I didn't look for such in Heaven."

"In Heaven? Well, my dearest Twist,
You surely are an Optimist'
Your Ticket reads in terms precise:
'To (Substitutors') PARADISE,'
Which is—when spoken of 'fore Ladies—
In polished language, just NEAR-HADES."

— Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

So Far, No Farther

CHARLES KARSNER MILLS is professor of neurology at the University of Pennsylvania His opinions have sent almost as many men to asylums as they have saved others from the gallows. There is in fact, no subject touching on or appertaining to the brain or the nerves, normal or diseased, whereof he has not an opinion, and there is no opinion of Doctor Mills which is not listened to with respect by his fellow-practitioners over all the world He is, for the most part, profoundly technical, but, at a recent gathering of medical men, he expressed his opinion of faith cures and faith curists in a form which even a profane layman could understand.

"The ideal faith curist," said he, "is the faith curist who knows when to keep his hands off. I know of one such He had small knowledge of scientific methods of treatment, but he was a born diagnostician and he always examined his patients carefully before determining what Heaven would do for them.

"One day there called upon him a sufferer from some malady or other which you and I would call incurable. The healer looked him over and discovered as much. But did he admit failure? Not for a minute. He only said: 'My dear brother, I am very sorry, but my experience is that in cases of your particular disease the Lord makes it a rule never to interfere.'"

The Girl Who Wrote by Sound

I advertised for a shorthand girl
To write from my dictation,
And, from the answers, picked a pearl
(Judged by her application).
On either Smith or Remington
No other girl was "in it."
In shorthand she had often done
Two hundred words a minute.

She also wrote she was young and smart,
And acquainted with business ways;
Six dollars a week she'd accept for a start,
If I'd promise an early raise.
I hired this paragon "off the bat,"
She went to work to-day:
A pert young Miss in a picture hat,
And a very engaging way.

She had Pompadour hair and a Marcel wave,
Tan pumps with a Cuban heel;
Her fingers were freighted with gems that gave
Sparkles almost like real.
I started her off on a letter to Brown.
I found she was slow, so I waited
For her to catch up. At last 'twas all down,
And this is what I dictated:

In re your wire of this date
To buy Amalgamated,
We counseled you before to wait
Till we'd investigated.
When Copper shrinks a point or two,
We'll fill the order duly.
If this does not seem wise to you
Advise. Yours very truly.

This done she faded from the room
Into her private lair,
Leaving an odor of perfume
Upon the desert air.
An hour passed by ere she returned,
Brown's letter written out.
And here it is. I never learned
What it was all about:

Henry, you are out of date,
Too bad and amble-gaited.
We can't sell you at forty-eight
Till we've investigated.
When the copper drinks a pint or two
We'll fall toward her, Dooley.
If this design seems worse to you,
Devise, Yours very truly.

— William Hickox.

The Jingle Smith

SOME people are Occasional Rhymers, but Wallace Irwin is the Constant Poet. He claims the world's endurance record for continuous jingling, having written a newspaper poem every day for three consecutive years.

Irwin was born up New York State, but he was for some years identified with California. While a student at Stanford University he threw an aged egg at a Chinaman and, despite a brilliant Latin record, was expelled. He walked to San Francisco and applied to the editor of a small newspaper.

Irwin's first assignment was to report a meeting of the board of directors of a mining company. It was worth about ten lines. Irwin sat through the meeting and wrote four columns about it. The paper went to press at one o'clock. At three he showed up in the office with his serial story.

"Have you got the story?" asked the editor.

"Yes," replied Irwin excitedly.

"Fine," said the editor, as he cast it into the waste-basket without even looking at it.

Irwin then decided that even verse-writing was easier than the newspaper game. He was well known as a poet when he came to New York in 1903, where he has lived ever since. He had lived on a hill in San Francisco, and in order to keep the same poetic altitude, now resides on the upper floor of a tall apartment-house. He writes all his verses out by hand and then tunes them up on the typewriter

No less clever is his brother, Will Irwin, who served his newspaper apprenticeship in California, and who came to New York in 1905. He got a job on the Sun. When he quit that paper last year he was the "star" reporter. If he had done nothing else but his now famous "earthquake stunt" he would be always remembered in New York journalistic history. This was the way of it.

In broken messages the news had been flashed across the continent that San Francisco had been wrecked by earthquake, and that the remnants were being consumed by fire. The wires were down, and it was impossible to get details from the coast. The whole reading world hung on news from the stricken city, for San Francisco was the biggest "story" that had happened since the war with Spain. It was the sort of hour that tries the soul of the managing editor even when the managing editor is Chester S. Lord, of the New York Sun. What he wanted was a consecutive story that would paint for all time the old San Francisco that was tottering to its ruin.

"Does anybody here know anything about San Francisco," he asked.

"I lived there for a long time," said Irwin.

"Then write," was the assignment.

And Irwin wrote. For hours he fed the hungry printers, and when he finished he had builded up the story of The City That Was—a newspaper classic.

The Good Intent

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, the evangelist, whose association with Doctor Torrey has made him known throughout the United States and the British Empire, is a man of humor and has, of course, frequently had opportunity to observe those pitfalls of diction into which the excitement of exhortation frequently plunges an enthusiast.

"In New York last winter," he says, "I happened to be on the platform when a very earnest and zealous pastor was trying his best to awaken some enthusiasm in his habitually torpid congregation. He told his hearers how lethargic they were; how their religious sense was dying out, and how, if they would save their souls, they must not let it die. At last, insisting upon this almost to the point of hysteria, he fairly shouted:

"'Brethren, if you have one single spark of grace remaining, water it—water it!'"

Mates for the Mateless

[These words are rhymeless: Almost, person, modest, corner, peril, coffin, chilblain, dainty, always, cleanly, outside, nervous, absence, hardly, pageant, language.—*London Chronicle.*]

Poets, as we love to call most
Every bard that writes a verse on
Any subject, it is almost
Time to call this London person.

Though I'm reticent and modest,
As is every word-adorner,
This remark, of all the oddest,
Draws me boldly from my corner.

"Rhymeless." Say it at your peril,
Ere I order up a coffin.
Is there no such stone as "beryl"?
Wide indeed the sleeve I scoff in.

Though the mention of a chilblain
Isn't beautiful or dainty,
"There's a rhyme," says Mr. Will Blaine,
He's authority, now. Ain't he?

Be you smooth or wear you Galways,
Or from Atchison or Henley,
Rhymes are very easy, always,
And the sport is—oh, so cleanly!

Words are but a showy pageant;
Bards are finishers of language
Unionlaboring—canst imagine 't?—
For a small and daily gang-wage.

If a bard would only grab sense,
And would think in manner hardly,
Would he rail at rhymes their absence?
Would he do it? Would he? Hardly!

Turn 'em frontside, inside, outside,
And the rhymes will surely serve us.
Why, if I had any doubts I'd
Be considerably nervous.

— Franklin P. Adams.

Don't run the risk of serious loss by fire, theft, or carelessness—Get your will, your deeds, insurance policies, stocks and bonds, private letters and other valuable papers into

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·IN·THE·WORLD·

Do it at once—Safe Deposit by Mail is simple, safe, inexpensive—The United States Registered Mail Service puts these great vaults within easy reach of every nook and corner in the world.

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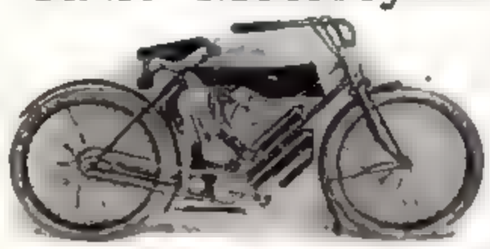
E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc.
27 Wharf Street, Gloucester, Mass

"R.-S." Motorcycle



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The "R.-S." line comprises Single and Twin Cylinder machines, Tandems, Delivery Cars and Delivery Vans and represents the most value as well as the most advanced motorcycle construction.

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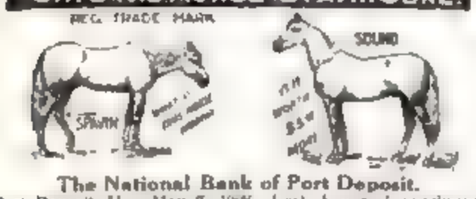

The National Bank of Port Deposit.

Port Deposit, Md., May 25, 1906. Last August I purchased a bottle which I used on a horse I valued for horse spavin, so as mine was useless. He was not the first one I used not keeping on a team work. After using half a bottle of Save the Horse the horse is absolutely sound. Since using it on the horse has been sold once and on my farm and a neighbor could tell that he had ever been lame. Both of these cases were cured several cases of scratches and took two bottles of it on another horse. I never hesitate to recommend it. C. H. REBERER.

Breeder of Modern Clydesdale Horses.

Hebron, Ind., writes $5.00 for one bottle of "Save the Horse." Two years ago I had a valuable horse that was spavined. I offered one hundred dollars for the horse before I used Save the Horse, but this was refused. I have since sold the horse for $300. NEES & McMILLAN.

$5.00 a bottle with legal written guarantee to cure. Send for booklet, testimonials and proofs. Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness.

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including Life-Size patterns, etc., we will teach you By Mail how to become a first class cutter. Write today for booklet C. It's free for the asking.

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JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 851 Tremont Bldg., Boston; 101 Columbia Bldg., San Francisco; 300 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 13)

could at the lowest price Malcourt would take, yet in spite of that he really cared for Malcourt; he secretly admired his intellectual equipment; feared it, too, and the younger man's capacity for dissipation made him an invaluable companion when Portlaw emerged from his camp in November and waddled forth upon his annual hunt for happiness.

Something of this Hamil learned through the indiscriminate volubility of his host, who, when his feelings had been injured, was amusingly naïve for such a self-centred person.

"That queer Louis," he confided to Hamil over their after-dinner cigars, "has kept me guessing ever since he took command here. Half the time I don't understand what he's talking about even when I know he's making fun of me; but, Hamil, you have no idea how I miss him."

Young Hastings, a Yale academic and forestry graduate, did fairly well in Malcourt's place, and was doing better every day. For one thing, he knew much more about practical forestry and the fish and game problems than did Malcourt, who was a better organizer than executive.

He began by dumping out into a worthless and land-locked bass-pond every brown trout in the hatchery. He then drew off the water in the brown-trout ponds, sent in men with seines and shotguns, and finally, with dynamite, purged the free waters of the brown danger for good and all.

"When Malcourt comes back," observed Portlaw, "you'll have to answer for all this."

"I won't be questioned," said Hastings, smiling.

"Oh! And what do you propose to do next?"

"If I had the money you think of spending on ruined castles"—very respectfully—"I'd build a wall in place of that mesh-wire fence."

"Why?" asked Portlaw.

"The wire deceives the grouse when they come driving headlong through the woods. My men pick up dozens of dead grouse and woodcock along the fence. If it were a wall they'd go over it. As it is, if I had my way I'd restock with Western ruffed grouse; cut out that pheasantry altogether, and try to breed our own native game-bird ——"

"What! You can't breed ruffed grouse in captivity!"

"I've done it, sir," said young Hastings modestly.

That night, over the plans, Portlaw voiced his distrust of Hastings and mourned aloud for Malcourt.

"That infernal Louis," he complained, waving his fat cigar, "hasn't written one line to me in a week! What the deuce is he doing down there in town? I won't stand it! The ice is out and Wayward and Cuyp and Vetchen are coming up for the fishing; and Mrs. Ascott is coming, and Miss Palliser and Miss Suydam; that makes our eight for Bridge, you see, with you and me. If Louis were here I'd have three others—but I can't ask anybody else until I know."

"Perhaps you'll get a telegram when the buckboard returns from Pride's Fall," said Hamil quietly. He, too, had been waiting for a letter that had not come. Days were lengthening into weeks since his departure from the South; and the letter he taught himself to expect had never come.

That she would write sooner or later he had dared believe at first; and then, as day after day passed, belief faded into hope; and now the colors of hope were fading into the gray tension of suspense.

He had written her every day, cheerful, amusing letters of current commonplaces which now made up his life. In them was not one hint of love—no echo of former intimacy, nothing of sadness or regret, only a friendly sequence of messages, of inquiries, of details recounting the events of the days as they dawned and faded through the silvery promise of spring in the chill of the Northern hills.

Every morning and evening the fleet little Morgans came tearing in from Pride's Fall with the big leather mail-bag, which bore Portlaw's initials in metal, bulging with letters, newspapers, magazines for Portlaw; and, now and then, a slim envelope for him from his aunt, or letters, bearing the Palm Beach postmark, from contractors on the Cardross estate or from his own superintendent. But that was all.

His days were passed afoot in the forested hills, along lonely little lakes, following dashing trout brooks or studying the United States Geological Survey maps, which were not always accurate in minor details of contour, and sometimes made a mockery of the lesser watercourses, involving him and his surveyors in endless complications.

Sometimes, toward evening, if the weather was mild, he and Portlaw took their rods for a cast on Painted Creek—a noble trout stream which took its name from the dropping autumn glory of the sugar-bush where the water passed close to the house. There lithe, wild trout struck tigerishly at the flies and fought like demons, boring Portlaw intensely, who preferred to haul in a prospective dinner without waste of energy, and be about the matter of a new sauce with his cook.

CHAPTER XX

ONE evening in April, returning with a small string of trout, they found the mail-bag awaiting them on the hall table; and Portlaw distributed the contents, proclaiming, as usual, his expectation of a letter from Malcourt.

There was none. And, too peevish and disappointed even to open the heterogeneous mass of letters and newspapers, he slumped sulkily in his chair, feet on the fender, biting into his extinct cigar.

"That devilish Louis," he said, "has been away for several of the most accursedly lonely weeks I ever spent. . . . No reflection on you, Hamil —— Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't see you were busy ——"

Hamil had not even heard him. He was busy—very busy with a letter—dozens of sheets of a single letter, closely written, smeared in places—the letter that had come at last!

In the fading light he bent low over the pages. Later a servant lighted the lamps; later still, Portlaw went into the library, drew out a book bound in crushed levant, pushed an electric button and sat down. The book bound so admirably in crushed levant was a cook-book; the bell he rang summoned his cook.

In the lamplit living-room the younger man bent over the letter that had come at last. It was dated early in April; had been written at Palm Beach, carried to New York, but had only been consigned to the mails within thirty-six hours:

"I have had all your letters—but no courage to answer. Now, you will write no more.

"Dear—this, my first letter to you, is also my last. I know now what the condemned feel who write in the hour of death.

"When you went away on Thursday I could not leave my room to say good-by to you. Gray came and knocked, but I was not fit to be seen; I was afraid to have even him see me. If I hadn't looked so dreadfully I wouldn't have minded being ill. You know that a little illness would not have kept me from coming to say good-by to you.

"So you went away, all alone with Gray. I remained in bed that day with the room darkened. Mother and Cecile were troubled, but could not bring themselves to believe that my collapse was due to your going. It was not logical, you know, as we all expected to see you in a week or two in New York.

"So they had Doctor Vernam, and I took what he prescribed, and nobody attached any undue importance to the matter. So I was left to myself, and I lay and thought out what I had to do.

"Dear, I knew there was only one thing to do; I knew whither my love—our love—was carrying me—faster and faster—spite of all I'd said. *Said!* What are words beside such love as ours? What would be my affection for Dad and Mother beside my love for you. Would your loyalty and your dear self-denial continue to help me when they only make me love you more intensely?

"There is only one thing clear in all this pitiful confusion: I—whom they took and made their child—cannot sacrifice them! And yet I *would!*—oh, Garry!—I would for you. There was no safety for me at all as long as there was the slightest chance to sacrifice everything—everybody—and give myself to you.

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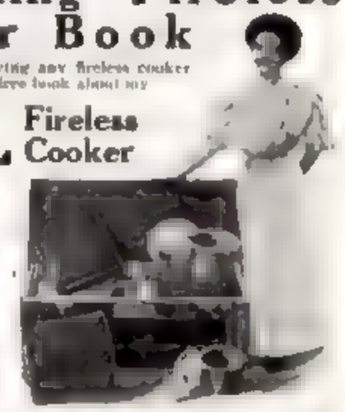

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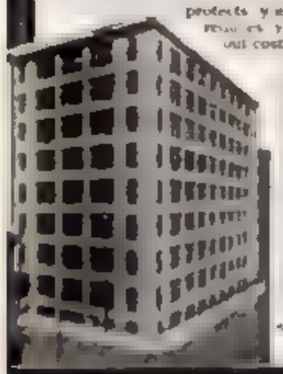

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"Listen. On the second day after you left I was sitting with Mother and Cecile on the terrace. We were quietly discussing the closing of the house and other harmless domestic matters. All at once there swept over me such a terrible sense of desolation that I think I lost my mind; for the next thing I knew I was standing in my own room, dressed for traveling—with a handbag in my hand.

"It was my maid knocking that brought me to my senses: I had been going away to find you; that was all I could realize. And I sank on my bed, trembling; and presently fell into the grief-stricken lethargy which is all I know now of sleep.

"But when I woke to face the dreadful day again I knew the time had come. And I went to Mother that evening and told her.

"But, Garry, there is never to be any escape from deception, it seems; I had to make her think I *wanted* to acknowledge and take up life with my husband. My life is to be a living lie! . . .

"As I expected, Mother was shocked and grieved beyond words—and, dearest, they are bitterly disappointed; they all had hoped it would be *you*.

"She says that there must positively be another ceremony. I don't know how Dad will take it—but Mother is so good, so certain of his forgiving me——

"It wrings my heart—the silent astonishment of Cecile and Gray—and their trying to make the best of it—and Mother smiling for my sake, tender, forgiving, solicitous—and, deep under all, bitterly disappointed. Oh—well—she can bear that better than disgrace.

"I've been crying over this letter; that's what all this blotting means.

"Now I can never see you again; never touch your hand, never look into those brown eyes again—Garry! Garry!—never while life lasts.

"I ask forgiveness for the harm my love has done to you, for the pain it has caused you, for the unhappiness that, please God, will not endure with you too long.

"I have tried to pray that the pain may not last too long for you; I will try to pray that you may love another woman and forget all this unhappiness.

"Think of me as one who died loving you. I cling to this paper as though it were your hands. But ——

"Dearest—dearest—Good-by.

"SHIELA CARDROSS."

When Portlaw came in from his culinary conference he found Hamil scattering the black ashes of a letter among the cinders.

"Well, we're going to try an old English receipt on those trout," he began cheerfully—and stopped at sight of Hamil's face.

"What's the matter?" he asked bluntly.

"Nothing."

Hamil returned to his chair and picked up a book; Portlaw looked at him for a moment, then, perplexed, picked up his mail and began to open the envelopes.

"Bills, bills," he muttered, "appeals for some confounded foundlings' hospital—all the eternal junk my flesh is heir to—and a letter from a lawyer—let them sue!—and a—a—hey! what the devil—what——"

Portlaw was on his feet, startled eyes fairly protruding as he scanned incredulously the engraved card between his pudgy fingers.

"Oh, Lord!" he bellowed; "it's all up! The entire baily business has gone up! That pup of a Louis!—Oh, there's no use! Look here, Hamil! I tell you I can't believe it, I can't, and I won't—— *Look* what that fool card says!"

And Hamil's stunned gaze fell on the engraved card:

MR. AND MRS. NEVILLE CARDROSS
HAVE THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE
THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER
SHIELA
TO MR. LOUIS MALCOURT

Portlaw was making considerable noise over the matter, running about distractedly with little, short, waddling steps. Occasionally he aimed a kick at a stuffed armchair, which did not hurt his foot too much.

It was some time before he calmed enough to pout and fume and protest in his usual manner, appealing alternately to Heaven as witness and to Hamil for corroboration that he had been outrageously used.

"Now, who the devil could suspect him of such intention!" wailed poor Portlaw. "God knows, he was casual with the sex. There have been dozens of them, Hamil, literally dozens in every port!—from Mamie and Stella up to Gladys and Ethelberta! Yes, he was Harry to some and Reginald to others—high, low—and the game, Hamil—the game amused him; but so help me kings and aces! I never looked for this—never, so help me; and I thought him as safe with the Vere-de-Veres as he was with the Pudding Sisters, Farina and Tapioca! And now"—passionately displaying the engraved card—"look who's here! . . . Oh, pip! . . . What's the use?"

Dinner modified his grief; hope bubbled in the Burgundy, simmered in the soup, grew out of gravy, like the sturdy, eternal weed she is, parasitic in the human breast.

"He's probably married a million or so," suggested Portlaw, mollified under the seductive appeal of a fruit salad dressing with a mixture containing nearly a hundred different ingredients. "If he has I don't see why he shouldn't build a camp next to mine. I'll give him the land—if he doesn't care to pay for it," he added cautiously. "Don't say anything to him about it, Hamil. After all, why shouldn't he pay for the land? . . . But if he doesn't want to—between you and me—I'll come within appreciable distance of almost giving him what land he needs. . . . Oh, gee! Oh, fizz! That damn Louis! . . . And I'm wondering—about several matters ——"

After dinner Portlaw settled down by the fire, cigar lighted, and began to compose a letter to Malcourt, embodying his vivid ideas concerning a new house near his own for the bridal pair.

Hamil went out into the fresh April night. The young grass was wet under the stars; a delicate fragrance of new buds filled the air.

He had been walking for a long time, when the first far hint of thunder broke the forest silence. Later lightning began to quiver through the darkness; a wind awaking overhead whispered prophecy, wailed it, foreboding; then slowly the woods filled with the roar of the rain.

He was moving on, blindly, at random, conscious only of the necessity of motion. Where the underbrush halted him he sheered off into the open timber, feeling his way, falling sometimes, lying where he fell for a while till the scourge of necessity lashed him into motion again.

About midnight the rain increased to a deluge, slackened fitfully, and died out in a light rattle of thunder; star after star broke out through the dainty vapors overhead; the trees sighed and grew quiet. For a while drumming drops from the branches filled the silence with a musical tattoo, then there remained no sound save, far away in the darkness, the muffled roar of some brook, brimming bank-high with the April rain. And Hamil, soaked, exhausted, and believing he could sleep, went back to the house. Toward morning sleep came.

He awoke restless and depressed; and the next morning he was not well; and not quite as well the next, remaining in his room with a headache, pestered by Portlaw and retinues of servants bearing delicacies on trays.

He had developed a cold, not a very bad one, and on the third day he resumed his duties in the woods with Phelps and Baker, the surveyors, and young Hastings.

The dull, stupid, physical depression hung on to him; so did his cold; and he found breathing difficult at night. The weather had turned very raw and harsh, culminating in a flurry of snow.

Then one morning he appeared at breakfast looking so ghastly that Portlaw became alarmed. It seemed to be rather late for that; Hamil's face was already turning a dreadful bluish white under his host's astonished gaze, and as the first chill seized him, he rose from the table, reeling.

"I—I am sorry, Portlaw," he tried to say.

"What on earth have you got?" asked Portlaw in a panic; but Hamil could not speak.

They got him to the gardener's cottage as a precautionary measure, and telephoned to Utica for trained nurses, and to Pride's Fall for a doctor. Meanwhile, Hamil, in bed, was fast becoming mentally irresponsible as the infection spread, involving both lungs, and the fever in his veins blazed into a conflagration. That is one way that pneumonia begins; but it ought not to

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have made such brutally quick work of a young, healthy and carefree man. There was not much chance for him by the next morning, and less the following night when the oxygen tanks arrived.

Portlaw, profoundly shocked and still too stunned by the swiftness of the calamity to credit a tragic outcome, spent the day in a heavily bewildered condition, wandering, between meals, from his house to the cottage where Hamil lay, and back again to the telephone.

He had physicians in consultation from Utica and Albany; he had nurses and oxygen; he had Miss Palliser on the telephone, first in New York, then at Albany, and finally at Pride's Fall, to tell her that Hamil was alive.

She arrived after midnight with Wayward. Hamil was still breathing—if it could be called by that name.

Toward dawn a long-distance call summoned Portlaw; Malcourt was on the end of the wire.

"Is Hamil ill up at your place?"

"He is," said Portlaw curtly.

"Very ill?"

"Very."

"How ill?"

"Well, he's not dead."

"Portlaw, is he dying?"

"They don't know yet."

"What is the sickness?"

"Pneumonia. I wish to Heaven you were here!" he burst out, unable to suppress his smouldering irritation any longer.

"I was going to ask you if you wanted me ——"

"You needn't ask such a fool question. Your house is here for you and the servants are eating their heads off. I haven't had your resignation and I don't expect it while we're in trouble. . . . Mrs. Malcourt will come with you, of course."

"Hold the wire."

Portlaw held it for a few minutes, then:

"Mr. Portlaw?" scarcely audible.

"Is that you, Mrs. Malcourt?"

"Yes. . . . Is Mr. Hamil going to die?"

"We don't know, Mrs. Malcourt. We are doing all we can. It came suddenly; we were caught unprepared ——"

"Suddenly, you say?"

"Yes, it hit him like a bullet. He ought to have broken the journey northward; he was not well when he arrived, but I never for a moment thought ——"

"Mr. Portlaw—please!"

"Yes?"

"Is there a chance for him?"

"The doctors refuse to say so."

"Do they say there is *no* chance?"

"They haven't said that, Mrs. Malcourt. I think ——"

"Please, Mr. Portlaw!"

"Yes, madam!"

"Will you listen very carefully, please?"

"Certainly ——"

"Mr. Malcourt and I are leaving on the 10:20. You will please consult your timetable and keep us informed at the following stations—have you a pencil to write them down? . . . Are you ready now? Ossining, Hudson, Albany, Fonda and Pride's Fall. . . . Thank you. . . . Mr. Malcourt wishes you to send the Morgan horses. . . . If there is any change in Mr. Hamil's condition before the train leaves the Grand Central at 10:20, let me know. I will be at the telephone station until the last moment. Telegram for the train should be directed to me aboard "The Seminole," the private car of Mr. Cardross. . . . Is all this clear? . . . Thank you."

With a confused idea that he was being ordered about too frequently of late Portlaw waddled off bedward; but sleep eluded him; he lay there watching through his window the light in the window of the sick-room where Hamil lay fighting for breath; and sometimes he quivered all over in scared foreboding, and sometimes the thought that Malcourt was returning seemed to ease for a moment the dread load of responsibility that was already playing the mischief with his digestion.

A curry had started it; a midnight golden-buck superimposed upon a miniature mince pie had, to his grief and indignation, completed an outrageous conspiracy against his liver begun by the shock of Hamil's illness. But what completed his exasperation was the indifference of the physicians attending Hamil, who did not seem to appreciate the gravity of an impaired digestive system, or comprehend that a man who couldn't enjoy eating might as well be in Hamil's condition; and Portlaw angrily swallowed the calomel so indifferently shoved toward him and hunted up Wayward, to whom he aired his deeply-injured feelings.

"What you need are drovers' remedies," observed Wayward, peering at him through his spectacles; and Portlaw unsuspiciously made a memorandum of the famous livestock and kennel panacea for future personal emergencies.

The weather was unfavorable for Hamil; a raw, wet wind rattled the windows; the east lowered thick and gray with hurrying clouds; volleys of chilly rain swept across the clearing from time to time.

Portlaw and Wayward sat most of the time in the big living-room playing "Canfield." There was nothing else to do except to linger somewhere within call, and wait. Constance Palliser remained near whichever nurse happened to be off duty, and close enough to the sick-room to shudder at what she heard from within, all day, all night, ceaselessly ominous, pitiable, heart-breaking.

At length Wayward took her away without ceremony into the open air.

"Look here, Constance, your sitting there and hearing such things isn't helping Garry. Lansdale is doing everything that can be done; Miss Race and Miss Clay are competent. You're simply frightening yourself sick ——"

She protested, but he put her into a hooded ulster, buckled on her feet a pair of heavy carriage boots, and drew her arm under his, saying: "If there's a chance Garry is having it, and you've got to keep your strength. . . . I wish this mist would clear; Hooper telephoned to Pride's for the weather bulletin, but it is not encouraging."

They walked about for an hour and finally returned from the wet woodland paths to the bridge, leaning on the stone parapet together.

A swollen brook roared under the arches, carrying on its amber wave-crests of green grass and young leaves and buds which the promise of summer had tenderly unfolded to the mercy of a ruthless flood.

"Like those young lives that go out too early," murmured Constance. "See that little wind-flower, Jim, uprooted, drowning—and that dead thing tumbling about half under water ——"

Wayward laid a firm hand across hers.

"I don't mean to be morbid," she said with a pathetic upward glance, "but, Jim, it is too awful to hear him fighting for just—just a chance to breathe a little ——"

"I think he's going to get well," said Wayward.

"Why do you think it? Has any ——"

"No. . . . I just think it."

"Is there any reason ——"

"None—except you."

His voice within the last month or two had almost entirely lost its indistinct and husky undertone; the clear, resonant quality, which had always thrilled her a little as a young girl, seemed to be returning; and now she felt, faintly, the old response awaking within her.

"It is very sweet of you to believe he'll live because I love him," she said gently.

Wayward drew his hand from hers and, folding his arms, leaned on the parapet inspecting the turbid water through his spectacles.

"There are no fights too desperate to be won," he said. "The thing to do is to finish still fighting!"

"Jim?"

"Yes."

This time her hand sought his, drew it toward her, and covered it with both of hers.

"Jim," she said tremulously, "there is something—I am horribly afraid—that—perhaps Garry is not fighting."

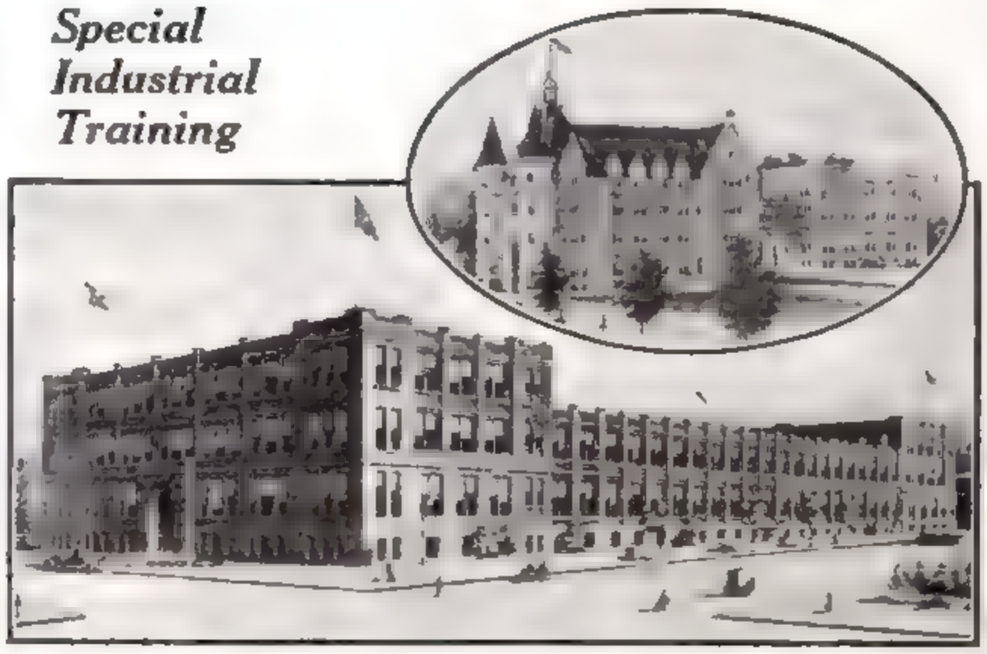
"Why?" he asked bluntly.

"There was an an attachment ——"

"You mean he was in love with that Cardross girl?"

"Oh, yes, yes! . . . I do not understand the affair; but I tell you, Jim, the strangest part was that the girl loved him! If ever a woman was in love with a man, Shiela Cardross was in love with Garry! And, Jim, I have been so frightened—so terrified—for Garry—so afraid that he might not care to fight ——"

Wayward leaned there heavily and in silence. He was going to say that men do not do such things for women any longer, but he thought of the awful battle not yet ended which he had endured for the sake of the woman beside him, and he said nothing, because he knew that, without hope of her



An Open Letter to Parents

Seventeen years ago it was brought forcibly to my attention that the average failure in life was simply the result of *the lack of special training*.

I found that when boys and girls left school to enter business life, they were greatly handicapped in having only a general education, which at times had hardly progressed beyond the stage of reading and writing. This compelled them to accept any poorly-paid positions they could get. Close study of the conditions convinced me that *while still at school*, boys and girls could, without interference with their regular studies, actually become proficient in professions that would make them independent the moment they stepped from the school doors. It was this idea that gave birth to the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, an institution conceived, developed and conducted for the sole benefit of wage earners.

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to help him, the battle had long since gone against him.

"Portlaw says that Louis is coming to-night, and that young Mrs. Malcourt is with him," he observed.

"I know it. . . . I was wondering if there was any way we could use her—make use of her ——"

"To stir up Garry to fight?"

"Y-yes something like that—I am vague about it myself—if it could be done without anybody suspecting the—Oh, Jim! I don't know; I am only a half-crazed woman willing to do anything for my boy ——"

"Certainly. If there's anything that might benefit Garry you need not hesitate on account of that little beast Malcourt ——"

CHAPTER XXI

ALL day Portlaw had been telephoning and telegraphing the various stations along the New York Central Railroad, following the schedule from his time-table and from the memoranda given him by young Mrs. Malcourt; and now the big, double, covered buckboard and the fast horses, which had been sent to meet them at Pride's, was expected at any moment.

"At least," Portlaw confided with subdued animation to Wayward, "we're going to have a most excellent dinner for them when they arrive."

His valet was buttoning him up when Malcourt arrived and walked coolly into his room.

"Louis! Damnation!" ejaculated Portlaw, purple with emotion.

"Especially the latter," nodded Malcourt. "They tell me, below, that Hamil is very sick; wait a moment! Mrs. Malcourt is in my house; she is to have it for herself. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes ——"

"All right. *I* take my old rooms here for the present. Tell Williams. Mrs. Malcourt has brought a maid and another trained nurse for emergencies. She wanted to; and that's enough."

Malcourt cast a troubled glance around the room, repeating: "I didn't understand that anybody was here."

"What difference does that make? You're coming back to stay, aren't you?"

Malcourt looked at him. "That's supposed to be the excuse for our coming." . . . And, stepping nearer: "There's h-ll to pay in town. Have you seen the papers?"

"Not to-day's ——"

"They're downstairs. Wormly, Hunter & Blake have failed—liabilities over three million. There's a run on the Shoshone Securities Company; Andreas Hogg and Grumble Brothers have laid down on their own brokers and the Exchange has ——"

"What!"

"A nice outlook, isn't it? Be careful what you say before Mrs. Malcourt; she doesn't realize that Cardross, Carrick & Co. are involved."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE RISE OF THE GUINEA-HEN

(Concluded from Page 4)

sir, but we have no partridge. We have guinea-hen, and it's just as good, sir."

As one after another the ducking clubs East and West have been obliged to surrender, some of their richer members have gone out farther and bought great estates, as, for instance, that of the railroad man of Chicago who has purchased nearly a township in Wisconsin, and introduced electricity and acetylene gas into sportsmanship thereabout. These rich men can ask friends to come to their preserves without paying any club fee. They can offer baited ducks for sport, and eke the more purposeful occupation of draw poker.

It was not our intelligence, but our selfishness, which finally wakened us to the fact that our game-birds were going, and that, if we wanted to eat game, we must get busy and do something about conserving it. As the pressure grew one State after another stopped the sale of game, cut down the limit from twenty-five to fifteen and ten birds a day, prohibited spring shooting, prohibited the shipping of game. As all these things cost money for enforcement as laws, the really un-American idea of a gun license became popular. Hundreds of thousands of shooting licenses are taken out in Western States each year—more than seventy thousand dollars' worth in Wisconsin in one year. The funds thus raised are becoming enormous; and they are all used not to put game on, but to keep game off, the public table.

Most States charge non-residents many times as much as they do their own residents for shooting licenses. Naturally the non-residents at first howled at this. For the past ten years these matters have been threshing out in the courts. The decisions now warrant these distinctions in licenses. The American of to-day, therefore, has to pay something to shoot, even at home, has to pay something more if he shoots somewhere else, and has to pay something a great deal more still if he eats game which he did not kill. Some States will not allow a non-resident to take home game-birds or game-fish with him, even though he intends them for his own use and not for sale, and even though he has killed them legally. Michigan is such a State; and all the natural supply of game which might come to the relief of Jacob and the Merry Widow, from Michigan, is cut off by the game statutes of that State.

Thus it readily may be seen that, in spite of the growth of intelligent shooting, that same intelligent shooting began a dozen years ago to shoot more and more for itself, and less and less for Jacob and the Merry Widow in the city. State's rights did this much. But State laws have never had the reverence in America which is given to national laws. It was left for Uncle Sam to put the final crimp in Jacob's supper.

What is known as the Lacey Law, a United States statute, has done more to stop the marketing of game than any and all other agencies combined. This measure was introduced by John F. Lacey, of Iowa, and he will be remembered by that act rather than by all his other useful work in Congress, although without doubt he builded far better than he knew in his labors for this measure—which was approved May 25, 1900.

For a long time the guns had kept at work for the markets, and, in spite of State laws, game got into the cities marked as poultry or butter or eggs, coming in bags and bundles and all sorts of disguises, smuggled across the illegal lines into the omnivorous markets, where it was difficult or impossible to trace. It was getting hard and expensive to obtain, but it could still be obtained. When the Lacey Law came the lid went pretty nearly shut. This made it an offense against the United States to ship out of a State where it was killed any sort of game killed or handled contrary to the statutes of that State. It required the marking and description of each package of game, and the giving of the name of both sender and consignee. This made it dangerous to smuggle game. It was, of course, a measure based on the Interstate Commerce Act, which latter is about the only bulwark of our not immaculate but highly polka-dotted liberties that we have left. It struck at the transportation part of the merchandising of game; which was getting mighty close to the root of matters. With the Lacey Act enter the guinea-hen. Enter also the general proposition that one cannot always reap where he has not sown. Jacob has no kick coming outside of that which is licensed under this declaration.

Guinea-hen for Jacob!

Guinea-hen, also, for you and me.

Nothing can stop the triumphant march of this vulgar fowl, unless some Elihu Root shall arrive to show the failure of State's rights to preserve many resources which properly belong to the entire people. Perhaps we may some time believe that the nation comes on the scene where exploitation means exhaustion. The pioneer did not need to care for you and me, because he lived in a happier day. Heretofore we have allowed the individual to bankrupt the country as he liked. Perhaps we may not always allow it. Mr. Root recently said: "It is high time that the sovereign States of the Union should begin to perform their duty with reference not only to their own individual local interests, but with reference to the common good."

Is it possible that the Honorable Elihu had been turned down by the head waiter, and offered something "just as good"?

MELLIN'S FOOD for baby while travelling

ARE you hesitating about taking a little trip with baby? Do you feel that the question of feeding will be too great to solve, and for this reason it would be better to stay at home this year?

You need not hesitate a moment if you will use Mellin's Food, for then you may be sure that the journey will be one of safety and comfort.

Do you question this?

Here is an interesting and convincing proof.

Mr. Pflueger of Siegfried, Penn., wrote us some time ago that starting from Bombay, India, with his little baby, Dorothy, he travelled a distance of over 14,000 miles through India, China, Japan and many other countries in the far East, returning to his home in Pennsylvania by way of Canada. When they reached home baby was only 14 months old.

Think of what it would mean to you to take your baby 14,000 miles. But this little baby did it, and during the whole trip enjoyed the best of health.

Dorothy was fed solely on Mellin's Food.

Incidentally note that Mellin's Food is for sale and in use throughout all the civilized world, and it matters not where you contemplate going, you will not have to carry a quantity with you, for Mellin's Food will be there waiting for you and baby.

Can you think of any other preparation that is so universally known?

Here's a part of Mr. Pflueger's letter:

"Passing as she has from the oppressive heat of the tropics, as fast as steam could carry, into the extreme cold of Canadian winter, she has withstood the great climatic changes with a fortitude which I attribute to my constant and exclusive use of MELLIN'S FOOD, and to which I am indebted for her firm flesh, sound limb and nerve, vivacious spirits and general robust health. I have never been in a place where I could not obtain Mellin's Food; even in the plague and famine-stricken districts, where it would seem hopeless to create a demand and find a market, you have, in the face of all native prejudice, found your field."

Does not all this reassure you? Do you not now feel that you can take that little trip with baby?

Of course you can.

Thousands of other mothers have done it with their babies.

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THAT DEAR PARIS

(Concluded from Page 11)

manner is unquestionably delightful, but the French *manners* are quite another thing. Passing over in a considerate silence the nameless atrocities committed at table, one is forced to the conviction that the French courtesy is largely a thing of the surface. I recall a typical instance told by a delightful little old New England lady staying in Paris. She had encountered one day a large mud puddle in the middle of the street. A French gentleman at the same moment reached the same spot, desiring to cross. There was a narrow dry edge. Lifting his hat with chivalrous grace the Frenchman crowded the little old lady into the mud puddle, and reached the other side dry shod.

The Isolation of the Aristocrat

To be just, one must admit that comparatively few Americans, even those living in Paris, meet the best class of French people. The members of the old French aristocracy of the Saint Germain quarter are almost inaccessible, except through an introduction consequent upon an international marriage, for an occasional necessity to retrieve their fortunes leads to intercourse with millionaire Americans. Those Americans who occupy diplomatic positions in France, and those who come with introductions to the members of the most desirable literary and artistic set, are the only ones who have an opportunity to judge of the really interesting class of French people.

The American living in Paris among Americans is a somewhat anomalous type, often of peculiar psychologic development. More cosmopolitan in his outlook than the American who only glimpses Europe in flying trips, this voluntary exile is apt to be curiously undeveloped in other directions, with, frequently, a most unreal relation to life—a logical effect of an existence without definite social responsibilities, of living out of touch with his kind—for the cases are rare in which the American colonists amalgamate with French people, and the American social life of a foreign city is desultory and shifting. The result of this environment is peculiarly noticeable upon women who have come abroad with their families in their formative period. Mentally more sophisticated than the girl at home, they have usually lacked vital human intercourse. They see life as the onlooker. The climax is not less than tragic when the girl goes home, no longer young, out of key with American conditions, often without having actually lived her life at all.

There are a vast number of discomforts about the simple life in the golden city that one does not realize until one has felt them—the damp, chilly rooms, the dark, rainy winter, with fuel expensive and ridiculously small grates the usual means of heating, the various forms of petty dishonesty and torment practiced by the concierges, servants, shopkeepers and lodging-house keepers, the clumsy and imperfect plumbing, the lack of fixed price even in many reputable shops, the stupid system at theatre box-offices where not infrequently two sets of occupants discover that they have been sold the same seats because the box-office official has forgotten to cross off the seat numbers after he has sold them. This is not to be wondered at by any one who has noticed the curious lack of concentration and tendency to "side track" in the mind of the French official. He will carry on two or three incoherent, and usually violent, conversations at once rather than take each matter in its turn. This lack of system and clear-headedness can be observed even in the large French banks.

The Autocrat of the Theatre Seat

Another inconvenience experienced in the pursuit of pleasure is the *ouvreuse* in the theatre, a being who pays a considerable sum a night for the privilege of keeping the theatre patrons out of their seats until they have paid a forfeit. Even the singers and actresses in the theatre are not immune from the torment of these human mosquitoes, who even go so far as to bully the foreigner and simple provincial Frenchman out of their rightful seats. As the prices charged for the seats in the Paris theatres are higher than those in America (with the exception of a small, breathless region at the extreme top), and the salaries paid to the performers, as well as all other running expenses, are incomparably smaller, it is difficult to see why the theatre management cannot prosper without the blood money of the *ouvreuses* and pay its attendants, as is the custom in America, England and Germany.

But there are far more serious discomforts attendant upon life in Paris than those connected with the pursuit of pleasure. The handling of bread, not to speak of the horrible manner in which it is made, is most disturbing to contemplate. The laundries which are universally used—for the typical French house has no laundry—have a most destructive and unclean system. The clothes are not washed at all, but are placed in democratic indiscrimination in cold water containing a strong acid. Delicate materials cannot survive more than one or two of these so-called washings. French women frequently have blouses dry cleaned that the American woman would put in the tub.

Petty Thieving on Every Side

In Paris there is comparatively little electric light, especially on the left bank. The trams are of the clumsiest pattern, it is impossible to have a window open, and in the rush hours the service is as inadequate as it is in New York. Elevators have only come within the last few years, and in spite of the cheapness of labor in Paris it is not customary to use elevator boys, except in the few large shops and hotels; instead, each person runs the machinery for himself. In addition to these other drawbacks, French workmen and women are dilatory beyond endurance, and the system of petty thieving among those who serve is such that it is impossible to cope with it. French people have not the American and Anglo-Saxon standard of truth and honesty; neither do they hesitate to give others the lie in the face of the most undeniable facts and, usually, in the sweetest of voices. Those cheerful optimists who imagine that they have not been cheated in Paris are merely in ignorance of the scale of prices. I once heard some Americans living in Paris remark: "When we first came here we started out by refusing to return to a shop that had cheated us, but we soon realized that if we went on that basis we could hardly patronize any of the small shops in Paris."

It is true that there are certain luxuries obtainable for a small sum in Paris that are extremely expensive in America, the most obvious of these being the cheap cab service, and the taximeter system, which is now practically universal, has almost stopped the former practice of holding up foreigners for any sum that seemed attainable to the cabby. Then agreeable-tasting food is an inexpensive luxury open to all who can refrain from meditating upon the probable method of its manufacture.

The Spell of a Beautiful Past

And, after all, there is a spell about Paris that has not been entirely dissipated—the spell of its beautiful past. It is impossible not to feel the magic of the blue autumn mist over the Seine, of the wide spaces of the gardens of the Tuileries, of the fountains and the statues among the green in the garden of the Luxembourg, or the dark mystery of the river at night. If one can forget the misery of the horses, the painted masks of the women, the look of cruelty and greed on, alas! so many faces, one can be happy for a time in the gay surface and the pretty, superficial courtesies. But one will frequently discover that those Americans who are the most ardent admirers of Paris are people of limited traveling experience, people who have spent some brief or particularly happy period of their lives there, individuals possessed of a profoundly unobservant optimism, or those who love a Paris that exists no more. There are, too, no doubt, those who belong by natural affinity to France rather than to their native land. But many who realize a long-cherished ideal in living in that city of hopes and dreams and terrible despairs echo in their hearts a certain immortal sentiment: "So this is the forest of Arden—when I was home I was in a better place!"

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What's the use of being roasting hot all summer when it's just as easy to be cool and comfortable!

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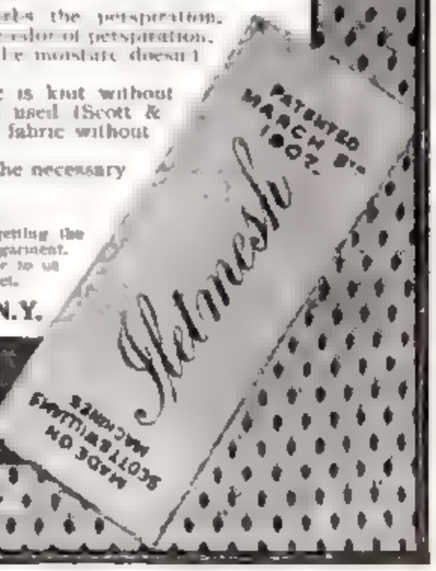

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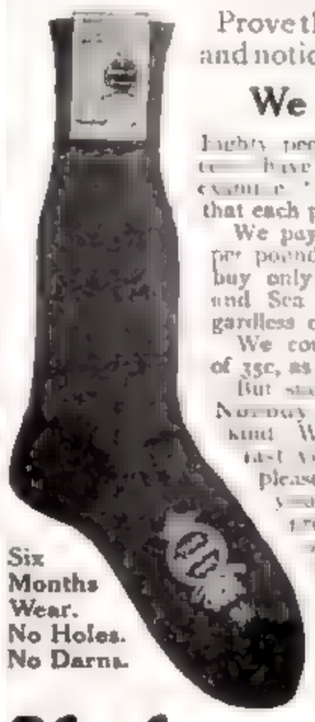

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Eighty people all non-productive have nothing to do but examine "Holeproof" to see that each pair is perfect.

We pay an average of 72c per pound for our yarn. We buy only the best Egyptian and Sea Island Cottons, regardless of price fluctuations.

We could pay an average of 35c, as other makers do.

But such yarns are coarse. Nobody wants sox of this kind. We sell you sox that last you six months and please you so well that you will wear "Holeproof" always. Only 46 pair of 1000 pairs are ever returned for replacement.

"Holeproof Sox never wrinkle, stretch, fade, crock or "rust."

Try "Holeproof" for all that you like in sox, plus six months' wear.

"Holeproof" are the original guaranteed sox. No others are so well made.

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Sox, bearing the "Holeproof" Trademark, order direct from us. Remit in any convenient way. Mail us the coupon and we will ship you the sox promptly and prepay transportation charges.

And remember—the "Holeproof" guarantee protects you. If the sox come to holes and darning within six months, you get new sox FREE.

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THREE CHARIOTEERS

(Concluded from Page 5)

more certain that the next "swing around" would be his last.

"Say, give us a *chanst*, chum," gasped Colorad', when with another end pole ahead *he* was once more swept along to the old man's wheel. "All we're askin' for is a *chanst*."

"You've 'ad yer chaunce! An' you needn't to fear! It won't be *you* as'll 'ave to p'y for my buttin' in!"

But once more he had been given clearing-room. This time it was by the sheer nerve and sinew of Colorad's stage-driving grip—though indeed for a moment it seemed as if Colorad' had succeeded in doing that only to lock wheels with Jersey on the other side. But the unhappy flicker of a look which they exchanged was solely that of a panting relief. "Only why wasn't some guy doin' somethin'? Why couldn't they drop the brakes on that everlastin' hoodoo *band*?"

Down that outside stretch to the last turn-and the stage entrance the fours of Jersey and Colorad' came as if the same hand was driving them. They had entered upon that final hundred and fifty yards in which the horses looked for a free rein, and would run themselves off their feet. And more than ever, in their baffled bewilderment, were Jersey's four possessed by the fixed idea of gaining the poles. To keep their heads out while they were still rods away from the bend he had to fight and saw till he was a-whimper. It was the same with Colorad'. Even could Jersey have slackened his pace, he would never have dared, so close was that third chariot behind him.

Beneath the huge crimson plush portières of the entrance, Signora Pallavicini, "the world's peerless equestrienne," covered her ears with her hands as if she were covering her eyes. And her eyes themselves were staring as if the smash had taken place already. Beside her "Mademoiselle La Grande," with the face of a Medusa on a shield, clutched at her lips and chin. "My word, but the 'ole *three* o' them'll be in it!"

As the band stopped, Jersey's blacks fetched his car around with a sluing sweep that threw the dirt high among the "blue-slatters." Then they struck for the inside just as English's staggering four pushed in between.

"Oh, fer the love o' Heaven!" screamed Jersey, feeling his wheel take hold; "*jump* for it!"

"Hand I won't jump for it, neither!" But even as he got out that last raucous defiance those foam-flinging blacks were upon him.

Jersey himself, having "learned how" in little spills, did a sort of "half twister" to one side while still in the air and came down in the safety of a ring.

"Ah, you *made* me do it, pardner!" he cried. And next moment he was diving into that surf of hoofs to where he could still see the white and scarlet of a tunic. A minute later Colorad', having made a neck-breaking stop himself, was as regardlessly following him.

III

YET when eight horses, two chariots and a charioteer go down together, the thing cannot, at least in moral possibility, be as bad as it looks. When English was taken out, that unyielding Jehu from 'Olborn Viaduct had a broken wrist, two of his floating ribs had gone enturely adrift, and he had suffered major contusions without number.

But, within an hour, he was occupying a berth in the first of the Jungling trains on his way to a hospital in Chicago. And, as chance had it, the show itself was scheduled to spend three weeks in Chicago, outfitting.

"That's right, now!" repeated Colorad', as he and Jersey came home from their first visit. "O' course, you're not goin' to feel anything as long as you're in your own country. Cripes, what is there to *feel* about? But I mind one time crossin' over for a day to the Canadian Soo. An' say, on the dead, I hadn't more'n got there when I was feelin' patriotic! That's *right!*"

The gifts they had brought with them, on that first visit, had unfortunately been such as no hospital could imaginably permit a patient to receive. And they had never reckoned on getting anywhere on their conversation alone

But they knew the road they were aiming to strike; and by the third visit they had struck it.

That morning, in the downtown office window of a big British-American fire insurance company, Jersey had happened upon a yard-wide, red-and-gold calendar map upon which, beneath a truculently high-tailed lion and unicorn, the world was spread forth according to a London Mercator's projection. The Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with every last and smallest component of its innumerable "dominions beyond the seas," stood out therein in the most vividly unblinkable of carmine.

You could more easily have overlooked all the Brazils than Tobago Island; while the Sahara exhibited itself as a mere *hinterland* to Sierra Leone!

Old English took that calendar with his good hand, and he slowly focused his blinking eyes upon it. "Stroike me dead!" he said; "stroike me dead! If there eyen't the 'ole blightin' Hempire, ori right! An' lookin' just the syme as ever I see it in Lunnon!"

Jersey and Colorad' trod upon each other ecstatically under the overhang of the bed.

"An' a wunnerful pictur for to see it is! Wunnerful!" Though the old man's tone was all but religious, it was plain that he desired to be understood as speaking impersonally and without bias. "Nothink like onto it was ever seen before, heven in the times of Rome!"

"Sure!" said Colorad'; "that's right! That's just the way me an' Jersey's often put it. An' the trouble with a lot o' the funny guys you'll meet is that they need to be learned a little geography! (Until he and Jersey had made a profound study of that calendar on the back platform of their "L" train over, the speaker would have been sorely put to it to locate Albion herself!) "They want to be learned just what England's holdin' down these days!"

"That's right, now," echoed his bunkie, with the same strength of international conviction. "An' say, only talkin' about size. Look at Australia, an' Canada, an' Injia, now! Wouldn't you think *they'd* be able to fight loose, anyways? Wouldn't you say that any one of them could just take its thumb an' wipe the banty little spot o' red ink right off the map?"

"Cripes, you'd *say* so!" came in Colorad' again intensely; "you'd *say* so! But accordin' to the hist'ries *I've* read, it ain't been done so often! Look at the time that Germany tried to do it!"

"Cats, yes! An' the time that France an' Russia —"

"Oh, I tell you now, old horse, there's a lot o' easy joshin' bein' done these days. But, huh, when you got to get right down to tacks!"

It was not, however, till the second visit after that that Colorad', with the smoothness of the finished diplomat, was able to lead up to another and a more delicate matter. English had likely been thinkin' of headin' back to London for the winter. It was somethin', in fact, that a bunch o' circus people did. When you had a country like that it was only natural you'd want to. And the way the tent worked it, in case he didn't know, was to sort o' chip in all round, and then let the squarin' be done when they got together again in the spring.

. . . They'd fixed it for him that way one fall when he ran across to Paris." . . .

It was almost a minute before English took his eyes from the wall beside him and the red and gold of that "Mercator."

The color had gradually flooded through the white stubble of the old man's hospital face till it showed a queer childlike pink.

"Why, I—I down't 'now, mates," he said, as if in apology; "I down't 'now as I just been thinkin' so much, of lyte, of gowin' back. I been thinkin' if we could sort o' keep together like—for speakin' as pal to pal—not meanin' nothink on the Old Lydy, o' course, but in confidence an' as pal to pal, I want to sye as Hamerica's gowin' to be a bit of a country yet *'erself!*"

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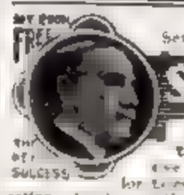

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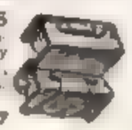

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POETS—HUMAN AND DIVINE

(Continued from Page 9)

But it rather startled him, for he exclaimed: "I?"

"Yes. Why not?" I asked, joining in the joke.

He smiled back at me in that curious way. "Because my hair is not long enough," he said.

Which, of course, was true. He wasn't a poet at all. He had a round, healthy face, and short hair, and too hearty a laugh, and—oh, well, there was simply nothing poetic about him.

But he took my joke nicely. And afterward Abigail spent a lot of time talking to him and putting him at his ease. That was dear of her.

And so the second meeting was a great success.

After that things began to go splendidly. Beatrice had her father buy the twenty-eight-volume set of The World's Choicest Poetry, to stand in the drawing-room whenever the club had its meeting, and the maid turned down the pages in a lot of the volumes to make them look used. We had meetings about every other night—whenever Beatrice's mother would let her have Merlroth and his friends up to dine. It was so nice of them! They never refused to come once, even though the Anarchist explained to Beatrice that he received favors from people as well off as she only as a mark of esteem for his friend, the great poet. And every time he came Merlroth brought some new poems he had written, all about wonderful things—graveyards, snakes, and fading flowers, and everything like that.

One night Ezra Tubble's uncle was in, and heard a little of it. "Is that literary stuff?" he asked.

"Yes," we said, and Merlroth bowed twice.

"Then I'm mighty glad I stuck to my pick and shovel," he answered, and went out to smoke some cigars.

But, of course, you see he couldn't appreciate literature, Merlroth explained, because he was so interested in base business. Of course, we would accept his check for one hundred dollars toward our Society, but other appreciation than that he could not expect.

The contest was to close in a week, and Bee was very anxious about it. It seems that the committee had decided that the poem should be about an "American historical subject."

Beatrice asked Merlroth if it was all right, and he said "Certainly," just as if it would be easy for him. He used to put his hands to his head and think over it lots—that is, when he wasn't eating or drinking—and he would think beautiful lines to fit in, and Beatrice used to go all over her Greek poses as he looked at her, just to help, you know.

The judges were to be Marston, the poet, who wrote A Song from the Mountain Tops; Professor Smithson, of Columbia University, and the editor of the Universal Magazine. So Bee had her mother invite them, one after another, to dinner, when she told each of them what a wonderful poet Merlroth was. She dimpled and laughed, and simply Beatrized them with all her little tricks, paraded them up and down in front of her set of World's Choicest Poetry, and told how she loved Dante in the Greek original. They seemed pleased.

Anyway, she felt that Professor Smithson would vote the way she wanted him to, because of that one hundred thousand dollars that her father gave to Columbia University. Of course, he couldn't afford to offend her father.

She told me this while we were riding through the park in the car, and for some reason or other, Allen, the chauffeur, seemed worried. "Do you think so, Miss Appleton?" he asked.

"Why, yes," she said. (It was a club matter, you see; so she could talk to him.) "And mamma has invited *Mrs.* Marston to our next At Home. You have no idea how ambitious wives can handle literary husbands."

"I suppose so," answered Allen, and it seemed to me that his face fell.

Then Beatrice went on to state all the things she was doing to make a success of Merlroth.

"You are spending a good deal of money," I said to Beatrice.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I told the editor that I will buy five hundred copies of his magazine if Merlroth's is the one to be published."

I saw Allen's face change again.

"Think how much it means to Art," said Beatrice.

By that time we had shot up Cathedral Parkway and out Riverside Drive, and there before us, high on the hill, were the gray and red buildings of Columbia. Allen slowed down and looked at them. There was a wistful look in his face, rather.

"What is the matter, Allen?" said Beatrice.

He threw on high speed again. "Nothing," he answered, and seemed ashamed that we had noticed it. Then he changed suddenly and looked savage, rather.

We had gone flying around Grant's Tomb and back on the other side, and Beatrice was repeating some lines that Merlroth had given her the night before:

And cold the river flows, like one forlorn,
waiting for
Spring to kiss its dead lips in vain.

"And yet," burst out Allen, as though he'd speak if he died for it, "there, Miss Appleton, the buds are bursting and the sun is shining. Why think of dead things?"

It was dreadfully impertinent, I thought. But Beatrice was simply sweet about it. "Of course," she said, smiling, "*you* wouldn't appreciate it, quite."

"Oh," he answered, "I beg your pardon."

"Home, please, then," said Beatrice, this time with a frown, and that was the end of it. She didn't speak to him again.

Then came the day of the decision. The judges were to report, you see, to the meeting of the Daughters of the Ancient Dames that night, and Professor Smithson was to read the successful poem to them and introduce the winning author for congratulations, and present the prize of one thousand dollars. Of course, that would be fine for Merlroth, but Beatrice had planned something better. She took the drawing-room and decorated it beautifully, with a little platform at one end, and a chair that was draped by Arno, the Interior Decorator, after Grecian lines, and on one side was a pretty floral piece from Fisher's in the shape of a harp.

And there was a big wreath of laurels that Beatrice placed to one side on a Louis Quinze table. Above was a canopy of gauze and green stuffs in Arno's best style, with a golden crown at the top.

The meeting of the Daughters of the Ancient Dames that night was in the *nouveau art* parlor at the St. Gothard, and we went early to get good seats, where everybody could see us.

Soon the parlor began to fill, mostly with women. The poet Marston was there, looking dreadfully uncomfortable in a dress suit; and then the editor of the Universal came, looking as though he had been poured into his; and last of all Professor Smithson, with his spectacles flying.

Then, as the editor of the Universal got up and cleared his throat, I noticed that Billy Fillston and Gid Van Styne had slipped in at the back, and with them were eight or ten other fellows that I didn't know.

Merlroth was there, and the Russianess with the Anarchist. Beatrice saw to that. Merlroth sat back and kept ruffing up his hair. He had a green carnation in his buttonhole and looked perfectly bored. Oh, it was splendid to see him. He looked so literary.

At last the editor spoke.

"We have assembled here," he said, "to award the Appleton prize of one thousand dollars to the best poem upon an American historical subject, and, after looking over the manuscripts, we have found one so far superior in excellence" (or something like that) "that it stands out alone."

Beatrice caught his eye and nodded approval. Then she settled back and smiled over at Merlroth, but he just raised his eyebrows and waved his hand like it was nothing—merely nothing.

And the editor went on to say a lot about poetry that I can't remember, because it was all about things like "The sturdy spirit of our forefathers," something about "decadent days" and a lot of that kind of thing. And then he stopped.

"The winning poem," he said, "upon which we have decided, is called The Rock and the Tree."

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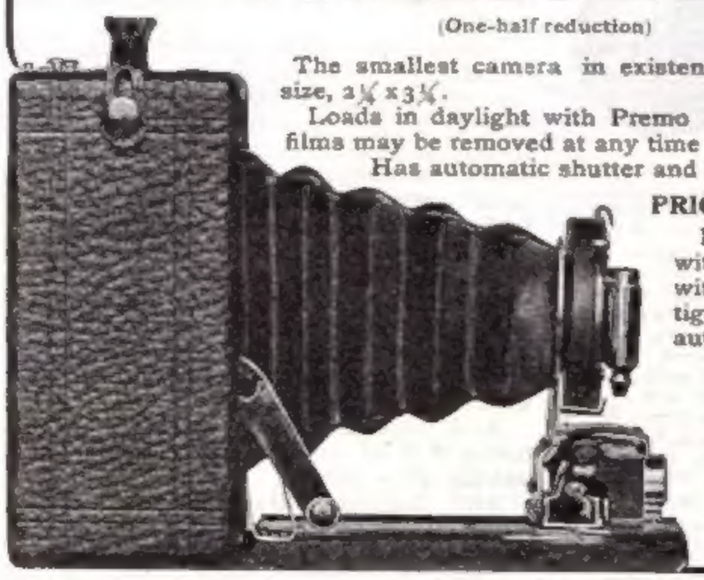

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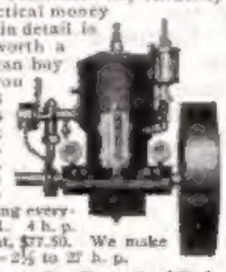

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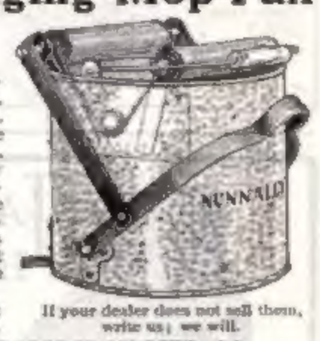

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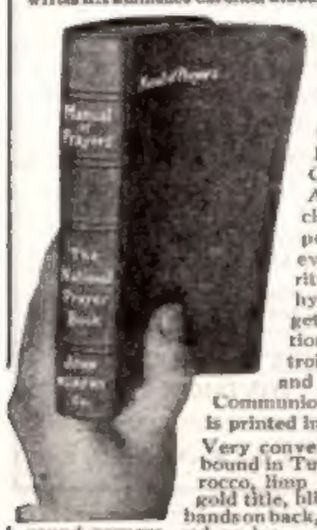

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Well, you should have seen Beatrice start—that wasn't the name of Merlroth's poem at all! His poem had been called——

"And it is written," he went on, "by Mr. Ethan Allen, late of Columbia University."

Ethan Allen! Well, what do you think of that? *Beatrice's chauffeur!* He had gone and written the prize poem, and if the editor wasn't bowing to the rear of the room! And if Allen didn't come up the aisle, and on to the platform, just as he was, with his old leather cap in his hand! But he had on his new livery, thank goodness.

And would you believe it? Everybody actually applauded, and over on the side, suddenly Billy and his crowd broke loose; and they yelled so loud that you couldn't hear yourself think: Ray, Ray, Ray, Colum-bi-ay, and the rest of that awful yell with Allen on the end of it.

And there he stood, blushing, in the midst of it all, and the editor was holding out the prize money.

And Beatrice! Well, she was simply stunned—that's all. And Merlroth just sat petrified, with his jaw dropped, rather.

Then the Professor came forward and read:

The Rock and the Tree

Devout of spirit, strong of soul, on bended knee,
The Pilgrim fathers knelt——

That is as far as he got, because just then Bee recovered from the shock, and got up.

"Excuse me," she said, "I really don't like to interrupt. But, Allen, home, please."

Professor Smithson stopped and got white, rather. "Miss Appleton," he said.

Bee pouted. "Well, Allen?"

Allen, very red, stood up. Then he smiled pleasantly, and putting the slip of paper in his pocket, he walked down and out in front of us.

Next, Beatrice coolly looked them over, motioned to Merlroth and his friends to follow, and we walked majestically out while you could have heard a pin drop.

Oh, I tell you it was an awful snub for them!

We had the limousine car that night, and Allen cranked up without a word, and we were soon back at the Appleton's again.

The windows were all ablaze with lights, because Beatrice had invited in a considerable number, you remember, and up the steps we hurried, leaving Allen still there on his seat.

But all he did was to get down and stoop over to fix something that was wrong under the hood of the machine.

I was just about to go in when some one in white came out of the door, passed me, and went running down to meet him. He straightened up again. And I heard the person ask, "How did it come out?"

Then the street light caught her face, and I saw it was Abigail.

"How did it come out?" she asked again. "I was so frightened when they brought Merlroth back in triumph like that."

"Never mind, sweetheart, they gave it to me," he answered. "It means college again and you——" He put his arms around her and kissed her—kissed her right there under the electric light—her—Abigail—Abigail, the Puritan!

And I had thought it was Bee!

But inside they were having a glorious time. The Russianess was playing the triumphal march, and Beatrice was leading Merlroth down the aisle between the chairs, with a laurel wreath on his head, to sit under the draped canopy.

Outside, George was opening fizzy water, and old man Tubble was laughing as if he would split his sides, and saying that he hadn't had such fun since the directors' meeting last time, when Wilkins hit Anstruther in the eye.

Then the two little Weller girls, in pale mauve, presented the manuscript of Merlroth's poem to him, as he sat enthroned beneath the golden canopy, and in that soft, falsetto voice of his he started to read:

Days of Dead Desires

Twilight shadows sombre sank in melancholy woe——

Oh, it was grand! A triumph! And everybody congratulated everybody else that we had found him. And Beatrice said that when her father's next extra dividend on Consolidated Carbon was paid she was going to make him give fifty thousand dollars to little Ruthill College in Vermont; and then that nasty, mean professor at Columbia, and everybody, would be sorry.

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